THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2460.

MY CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Woo me not with sparkling diamonds—
Gifts of glowing gems
Seem to me so poor and worthless,
In love's diadem.

Nought to me are wealth and beauty,
For the heart I gave
Ask I neither talent, learning—
Something more I crave.

Give me rather truth and virtue,
Love refined and pure,
'Tis the true heart's earnest tokens
That for aye endure.

When thou knowest I have given
All—the whole to thee—
Of thy love, I pray thee, keep not
Back a part from me.

Woo me, then, because thou lovest
With an earnest soul:
I would thou bestow upon me
None, or else the whole.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SANDS.

"That will do, Stephen, thank you. You may let us out here. A charming scene, is it not, Richard?"

The speaker was a young lady of nineteen; looking, however, not older, but far wiser than her years. A thoughtful face by nature, and besides, one upon which some sorrow and much care for others had set their marks. The hazel eyes, large and tender, were confident, without being bold. The forehead, from which the heavy folds of bright brown hair were not drawn back, but overflowed it from under her summer hat at their own wild will, was broad and low. The form tall and slender, but shapely; the voice singularly clear and sweet, and whose tones were such as seemed to give assurance of the truth they utter. She was certainly speaking the truth when she said, "A charming scene."

The persons she addressed were seated with her in a cart, in the middle of one of those bays upon our northwestern coast, from which the sea retires, with every tide, for many miles, and leaves it a level waste of sand, save for two river-channels, besides several smaller streams, fordable in places, but always running swiftly. Some islands cases in this desert, dotted here and there at no great distance, yet farther than they seemed, showed grandly with their walls of rock and crowns of foliage. The shores of the bay itself, miles away at the nearest point, were of a beauty singularly varied, considering their extent. To southward a range of round, green hills sloped down to a white fringe of coast, on which a tolerably large town could be distinctly viewed, with, behind it, a castle on a hill, which marked the site of a much larger town. Upon the spurs of these hills were almost everywhere to be seen a cluster of gray dwellings, and from the valleys thin blue smoke; the district, although somewhat un-come-at-able, was so fair that many came to dwell there, especially in the summer; but yet it was not densely peopled. Eastward, these signs of habitation were more rare, and the hills began to rise in grandeur, till, in the northeast, they culminated to mountains, a knot of which towered in the extreme distance at the head of the bay. Small coves and inlets indented the northern shore, which was, moreover, thickly wooded; a white village or two, from one of which the cart had just arrived, glimmered through the trees; and to the west a far-stretching promontory, with one beetling cliff, concluded the fair scene—that is, so far as the land reached. Upon the south was the sea, separated from them by no bar or bound of any sort, and roaring in the distance, as though for prey. It was this which formed the most striking feature in the picture, and indeed, to a stranger to the position—as was one of the three individuals we are concerned with—it was almost terrible.

"Well, Agnes," observed Richard Crawford to his cousin, to whom he looked junior by at least twelve months, but was really her senior by that much; "this is truly grand. I could never have imagined what a spectacle 'Over Sands' afforded, if I had not thus seen it with my own eyes. It is certainly the very place for a sketch. Now, jump, and I will catch you."

The young man had leapt lightly from the back of the cart upon the brown, firm sand, and now held out both his arms, that his cousin might alight in safety.

"Thank you, Richard, I am used to help myself out of this sort of difficulty," replied she, smiling; "am I not, Stephen?"

"Yes, miss," returned the driver, respectfully, but in broad north-country accents; "this is not the first time you have been in my cart, nor yet the second. She's as active as any deer in his lordship's park out yonder, that I'll answer for, Mr. Richard. Lor bless you! you don't know Miss Agnes; but then, how should you, you that has been in foreign parts so long!"

Richard Crawford had, it was true enough, been for many years in a far-distant climate, and one which had turned his handsome features to the hue of those of a bronze statue; but he grew a more dusky red than even the eastern suns had made him, when his cousin, touching one of his extended arms with her finger-tips only, lightly leapt upon the sand. She took no notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, gayly, "Now, Stephen, the chair and the camp-stool; then go your ways, and good luck to your craam. I dare say Mr. Richard here does not know what a 'craam' is; so great is the ignorance that prevails in the tropics. See here, cousin." She drew out from the cart a sort of three-pronged, bent fork, used by cockle-gatherers for getting the little bivalve out of the sand, beneath the surface of which it lies about an inch. "There! that is the true Neptune's trident. No barren sceptre, but one upon whose magic movement, thus"—she deftly thrust it into the sand, where two small eyelet holes announced the presence of the fish, and whipped one out—"meat, and drink, and clothing are evoked for many a poor soul in these parts. Why, you need not go far afield, Stephen, since there seem to be cockles here."

"Nay, miss, there's nobbut but one or two here about," returned the man. "The skeer* lies far away out yonder. You'll not be afraid to bide here till I come back and fetch you?"

"Certainly not, Stephen. How many hours shall we have to spare, think you?"

"Well, with this light south wind stirring, perhaps not four, miss. But I shall pick you up long before that—just as usual, you know. A deal of company you will have upon Sands this afternoon, I reckon," added the man, as he drove off to the cockle-ground; "you have brought Mr. Richard out on quite a gala day."

The scene upon the wave-deserted bay was indeed growing quite animated; for, in addition to many carts, such as that in which they had come, the owners whereof were all setting to work with their creams, two long strings of horsemen and wheeled conveyances were beginning to cross from either side of the bay, making almost to the place where the two were standing, sketch-books in hand; each band, both from the east and west, were conducted by a guide over the first sea or river, after which their course lay plain enough across certain broad, but shallow streams, to the second, near the opposite shore, where the other guide was posted.

"I have seen nothing like this since I crossed the desert," ejaculated the young man, with admiration. "I can almost fancy that those horses are camels, and the trees on yonder island palms, only there are no thieves of Bedouins."

"But in Egypt there is no sea, Richard, like that which seems to hunger yonder for men's lives. Is it not strange to think that all this space now used as a safe road by man and beast will, in an hour or two hence, be landless sea? that not one of those black rocks that stand out so prominently yonder will lift its head above the waves. Folks talk of there being 'no sea to speak of' in these parts, but if they mean that the ocean has here no elements of grandeur and terror they are much mistaken. Its very retreat and advance so many miles are something wondrous; and when I see the crowds of people crossing thus during its short absence, I always think of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea upon dry land. Nay," added she, as if to herself, and with reverence, "it is only God's arm that keeps the waves from swallowing us up to-day."

"Yes, of course," returned Richard, dryly; "yet the tides obey fixed laws, I suppose, and can be calculated upon to within a few minutes; otherwise I should say these good folks, including ourselves, are somewhat foolhardy."

"I have known the tide come in here more than two hours earlier than usual," observed the young girl, gravely. "There was a ship wrecked in yonder bay in consequence; the men having gone ashore and left her, high and dry, and feeling confident of returning in time. A strong south wind will always bring the sea up quickly."

"There's a south wind to-day, Agnes," laughed her cousin. "I think you must be making experiments upon my courage."

"Nay," returned she, "the breeze is very light. Besides, the guides and the cocklers all know very well what they are about. It is very seldom any one is lost, and when they are, it is through their own folly, poor folks."

"They get drunk a good deal in these parts, don't they?" said the young man, carelessly, as he sat down on the camp stool and began to sharpen a pencil, "and being half-seas-over before they start, why it's no wonder if the tide—"

"Hush, Richard, do not jest with death," said the girl, reprovingly. "Men and women have sins to answer for here as in other places; but I have ever found them an honest and kindly race."

"Well, I only hope in addition to kindliness and honesty your friend Stephen reckons sobriety among his virtues. What! He is a little fond of tippling, is he? Phew!" here the young man indulged in a long low whistle, and his black eyes beamed with sly laughter.

"Stephen is weak," replied Agnes Crawford, gravely; "though not so bad, even in his weakness, as some say."

"There, I see it all," cried the young man, clapping his hands so sharply that the half-dozen gulls that strutted on the sands a little way off rose heavily, and wheeled in the blue air, ere alighting at a greater distance; "I see it all quite plainly. My Cousin Agnes, who is so good herself that she can believe evil of nobody, employs this Stephen because no one else will employ him; she trusts him because everybody says that he is not trustworthy."

"I believe he would risk his life to save mine," rejoined Agnes, simply.

"Of course he would, my dear cousin; for without you he is probably well aware that he could not gain a living. Don't be angry now! I am only delighted to find you are so unchanged; the same credulous, tender-hearted creature that I left when I was almost a boy, who never allowed herself the luxury of going into a tantrum, unless one of her dumb favorites was ill-treated. Now let me tell you a secret—that is, something which is a secret to you, although it is known to everybody else who knows you. My dear Agnes, you are an angel."

"Don't you rumple my wings, then," replied the young girl, coolly, as Mr. Richard Crawford concluded his eulogistic remarks by patting her on the shoulder. "See! yonder is a drove of cattle about to cross the sea. Are they not picturesque? Now, if you were an animal painter instead of being, like myself, only able to draw immovable objects—to shoot at sitting birds, as it were—we might by our joint efforts make a very pretty picture of this scene."

"You make a very charming picture alone, I do assure you," said her cousin, admiringly.

The remark evoked no reply, nor even a touch of color on the young girl's cheek. Her brow just clouded for a moment, that was all.

"We have secured an excellent position for our sketches," said she, after a pause, and each took their seat.

"Do people ever cross the sands on foot?" inquired Richard, presently, in a constrained voice. He had parted with his somewhat free and easy manner, and manifestly felt that he had been going too fast or far with his compliments.

"Very rarely," returned she. "There are always some places tolerably deep, as yonder, where, as you see, the water is above the axle-trees of the coach. The poorer sort of cocklers, however, sometimes come out without a cart. Once no less than eight people were lost in that way, and on a perfectly windless day. It happened before we came to live here, but I heard the story from the guide's own lips. A sudden fog came on, and they were all drowned; and yet it was so calm that when the bodies were found at the next tide the men's hats were still upon their heads. A little girl, he said, with her hands folded across her bosom, lay dead beside her dead father, just as though she slept."

"Even if they had had carts, then, the poor folks could not have been saved," observed Richard.

"Yes, it was thought they might," returned the young girl, sadly. "The guide has a trumpet which carries his words, or at all events the sound of them, to a great distance. It was supposed they were making for the right direction when the waters overtook them, but being encumbered with women and children, and on foot, the party could not hurry on."

"What a repertory of dreadful stories your friend the guide must have, Agnes."

"Yes, indeed," answered she, gravely. "There's one churchyard I know of in our neighborhood in which have been buried no less than one hundred persons, victims to these treacherous sands."

"And the quick-sands themselves are the graves of many, I suppose?"

"No, never; or, at least, almost never. They are quick-sands in the sense of instability; but they do not suck objects of any considerable size out of sight, or at all events they take some time to do so. The bodies of drowned persons are almost always found."

"Upon my word, Agnes, you make my blood creep. Talking to this guide of yours must be like a business interview with an undertaker."

"Nay, Richard," rejoined the girl, solemnly, "such stories are not all sad. Death has been sometimes met, as it were, with open arms by those who know it was eternal life. And, besides, there are narratives of hair-breadth escapes from peril sometimes, too, which instance the noblest courage and self-sacrifice. I wish, however, that there was no such road as Over Sands."

"Nay, then we should never have been here with our sketch-books," returned the young man, gayly. "See! I have put in the three islands already."

"So I perceive, Richard; and the largest of them in the wrong place. Where are you to sketch in yonder village?"

"Oh! bother the village. The picture is supposed to be executed when the country was not so overbuilt. What are those little trees sticking up above the river? Everything here seems so anomalous that I ought not to be surprised; but nothing grows there surely."

"They are only branches of furze called 'brogs,' which are set up by the guides to mark the fords. It is their business to try the bed of the stream every tide,—for what was fordable yesterday may be quick-sands to-day,—before folks begin to cross. There goes the coach."

"Yes, and how the passengers do stare," returned Richard; "nor, indeed, is it to be wondered at, if it is their first experience of this road. I think some of them will be glad when they find themselves on *terra firma*. Perhaps you might have seen me arrive rather pale in the face, Agnes, if I had come home this way, instead of by sea, to Whitehaven."

"No, Richard; to do you justice, I think you are afraid of nothing."

"I am afraid of one thing, and that is of you, cousin, or, rather, of your displeasure," said the young man, sinking his voice, and speaking very tenderly.

"If you are, you would not talk such nonsense," rejoined his cousin, quietly.

"Dear Agnes, don't be cruel, don't; nor affect to take for jest what I mean with all my heart and soul. Thousands of miles away on the wild waves the very likeness of your face has comforted me, which you gave me when we parted, boy and girl, so many years ago. Think, then, what happiness it is to me to gaze upon that face itself, a child's indeed no longer, but with all the innocence and purity of the child beaming from it still. You used to tell me that you loved me then, Agnes."

"And so I tell you now, Richard," returned the girl, changing color for the first time, as she bent over her drawing, and forced her trembling fingers to do their work. "I love you now, very much indeed, dear cousin."

"Cousin," repeated the young man, slowly, "yes; but I don't mean that, as you well know, Agnes. I only wish you could have seen me in my little dingy cabin, reading your letters by one wretched candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle—don't laugh, Agnes; I am sure you would not have laughed if you really could have seen it. I quarrelled with the only one of my companions whom I liked, and knocked him backwards down the companion-ladder because he put his stupid foot upon the desk you gave me. You are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was only a poor lad in the Merchant Service, and poverty is always ridiculous; but I would have shown my love for you in other ways had it been possible. Heaven knows I thought of little else than you!"

"Look here, cousin Richard," said Agnes, rising quickly from her seat and speaking with some severity. "I will not hear this talk; you are well aware what my father thinks of it."

"I cannot help my uncle's not liking me," said the young man somewhat sullenly.

"Nor can I, Richard, or you know I should make him esteem you as I do myself. But you are under his roof now; he is your host as well as your uncle—and my father. That is reason good—independent of other very valid ones upon which I do not wish to enter—why you should not address such words to me. I think you should have seen they were distasteful, Richard, without obliging me to tell you so."

The young man did not utter a reply: he only bowed, not stiffly however, and held his hand up once and let it fall again with a certain pathetic dignity that seemed to touch his companion's heart, and indeed did so. Her large eyes swam with tears.

"Forgive me, Richard, I am sorry to have pained you," said she, in soft low tones, inexpressibly tender; "very sorry."

"I am sure you are, cousin." That was all he said; his handsome, clear cut features appeared to have grown thinner within the last few minutes, as she watched his side face bent down over his sketch-book. They were both silent for a long time, during which they plied their pencils. Draughtsmen know how quickly the hours pass in this way without notice. Presently Richard lifted his eyes from his work, and looked around him. "Agnes," said he, "why does not Stephen fetch us?"

She looked up too, then started to her feet with agitation.

"My God!" cried she, "the carts have all gone home."

"Don't be frightened, dearest," said the young man, confidently. "There are two carts still, and Stephen's is one of them. My eyes are good, and I can recognize it plainly, although it is a great way off. He is running the thing very near; that is all."

"Alas! he has forgotten us altogether, Richard. Both those carts are making for the other side; he could not now cross over to us even if he would. Do you not see how the sea has stretched its arm between us and him?"

Richard Crawford uttered a tremendous imprecation.

"Do not curse him, Richard. They have given him drink, and he knows not what he is doing: or perhaps he concludes that we have gone home by other means, as indeed we might have done. Poor fellow, he will be sorry to-morrow. Curse me, rather, my poor cousin; for it is I who have murdered you in having brought you hither."

"No, no," ejaculated the young man, vehemently. "Do not think of that. I swear I would rather die with you like this, than live without you. But is there no hope? Hark! what is that?"

"It is the guide's trumpet; they see our danger from the land, although they cannot help us."

"Let us hasten, then, in God's name!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "and if He has ordained it so, let us die as near home as we can."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE WATERS OF DEATH

There was no necessity for the words "let us hasten." Both had left chairs and sketch-books, and were running as swiftly as they could towards the western shore: but the sand, lately so hard and firm, was now growing soft and unstable—the flowing tide already making itself felt beneath it; their progress, therefore, was not rapid.

"The thought that I have brought you hither, Richard, is more bitter to me than will be these waters of death," said Agnes, earnestly. "You can run where I can scarcely walk; leave me, then, I pray you, and save yourself. Remember, you cannot save me by delaying, but will only perish also. Why should the sea have two victims instead of one?"

"If the next step would take me to dry land," answered the young man, vehemently, "and you were deep in a quick-sand, lifting your hand in last farewell—like the poor soul you told me of yesterday—I would gladly think that you beckoned to me, and would turn back and join you in your living grave."

She reached her hand out with a loving smile, and he took it in his own, and hand in hand they hastened over the perilous way. Richard, because he knew his cousin and how little likely she was to be alarmed, far less to despair, unless upon sufficient grounds, was aware of their extreme danger; otherwise, a stranger to the place would at present have seen no immediate cause for fear. The sea was yet a great way off, save for a few inlets and patches which began to make themselves apparent as if by magic; moreover, the shore to which they were hastening had become so near that they could plainly perceive the knot of people gathered round the guide, and hear the words, "Quick, quick," which he never ceased to utter through his trumpet, with the utmost distinctness. It seemed impossible that two persons should be doomed to perish within sight and hearing of so many fellow-creatures, all eager for their safety. And yet both were doomed. Between them and the land lay the larger of the two rivers that emptied themselves into the bay at high water, and ran into the open sea at low. The current was setting in by this time very swiftly, and the swirling turbid waters were broadening and deepening every minute. The banks of this stream, instead of being firm sand, were now a mass of white and slippery mud, a considerable extent of which lay between the sea and the shore; so that it was impossible to carry or even push down a boat upon its treacherous surface to the river's edge. The bank upon which the two unfortunates were standing was not as yet so much dissolved as the other, but they could feel it growing more and more unstable beneath their feet, as they now stood on the brink of the sea, not fifty yards from their would-be rescuers. The scene was only less terrible to these than to the doomed pair themselves. Women could be seen among the crowd wringing their hands in agony, and strong men turning their heads away for the pity of so heart-rending a spectacle. Once, either moved by the entreaties of others, or unable to restrain his own feverish desire to be doing something, a horseman spurred his steed upon the ooze, as though he would have crossed the river to their aid; but the poor animal, well accustomed to the sands, and conscious of danger, at first refused to move, and when compelled, at once began to sink, so that it was with difficulty that either man or horse reached land again.

"Swim, swim!" cried the guide, through his trumpet.

"Yes, swim," echoed Agnes. "How selfish it was of me to forget that. It is very difficult, but to a good swimmer like yourself it is not utterly hopeless. Let the tide carry you up yonder, as far as the island, Richard, then strike out for that spit of land; there is firm footing there. Take your coat off, and your shoes; quick, quick!"

The young man looked mechanically in the direction indicated, then smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"We are not going to be parted, Agnes; we are to be together for ever and ever. You believe that I love you now?" added he, with grave tenderness.

She did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on a high-wooded hill, close by the promontory I have mentioned, with the roof of a house showing above the trees. This was her home.

"Poor papa, poor papa!" murmured she; "what will he do now, all alone?" The tears stood in her eyes for the first time since she had been made aware of their danger. Both had now to step back a little, for the bank was crumbling in; the increasing stream gnawed it away in great hunches, which fell into the current, making it yet more turbid than before. There was still a considerable tract of sand, firm to the eye, although in reality quite unstable, lying between them and the sea; but the latter had now altered its plan of attack. It no longer made its inroads here and there, running slily up into creeks and coves of sand, and holding posses-

*The local name for the large beds in which the cockles are found.

sion of them until reinforcements came up, but was advancing boldly in one long low line, with just a fringe of foam above it like the sputter of musketry. In addition to the threatening growl noticeable so long, could also now be heard a faint and far-off roar.

"It will soon be over now, Richard," said the young girl, squeezing the hand that still held her own; "that sound is our death knell."

"What is it, Agnes?"

"It is the tidal wave they call the Bore. It may be half an hour away still; it may be but a few minutes. But when it comes, it will overwhelm us."

She raised her eyes to the blue sky, which was smiling upon this scene of despair and death, after nature's cruel fashion, and her lips, which had not lost their color, moved in silent prayer. Suddenly a great shout from the shore, echoed by another from Richard, drew her thoughts again to earth.

The crowd of people on the shore were parting to admit the passage of a man and horse, both so large that the guide and the animal he bestrode seemed by comparison to become a boy and pony.

"What are they shouting for, Agnes?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because," said she, "yonder is the man who can save us yet, if man can do it."

She spoke with calmness, but there was a flush upon her cheek, and a light in her eye, which the other did not fail to mark.

"Who is it?" asked he, half angrily. For if men can be angry on their death-beds, how much more when, though in view of death, they are still hale and strong.

"It is John Carlyon, of Woodlees," said she.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Italian Living

An American correspondent of *The Nation*, writes from Rome as follows:—

June 29, 1867.

"Do in Rome as the Romans do" may or not be a safe proverb, but to live in America as sensible Americans live in Rome would lengthen and sweeten the lives of our women, it seems to me, incomparably beyond the privileges of the ballot-box. Sister Jonathan's house in Boston is of three stories, with basement and attic, and a corresponding number of entries and staircases to be tidied and traversed daily, hourly. Three abundant and varied meals are to be prepared in the house, and punctually served each day. Two seventhe, at least, of every week are at the mercy of the laundry, that "monster of such hideous mien," destroying the peace of thousands of households. Milan and the Millennium blend confusedly in my mind ever since a resident of that city assured me that, to the best of her knowledge, every article of household and body linen was carried beyond the gates for washing. To assist our American sister in all this, and the numberless other details of housekeeping, she has from one to three servants, who, ninety eight chances in a hundred, are such only in a Miltonic sense—*i. e.*, "they also serve who only stand and wait," while she does the work, and are sure to take to their beds or heels in any special emergency. What wonder if, after years of temper-trying and body-wearing vibration between the cook below and the nurse above, Brother Jonathan (not being a ghoul of the "New Atmosphere") should discover that his wife needs change of air and scene. But my ideal *dramatis personæ* are cumbersome; let me add my mite of testimony in the perpetual suit of parlor vs. kitchen by simply telling how we lived in Rome. Equal or greater advantages are afforded by almost any other Continental city, and it may be helpful to some pilgrim whose face is turned Expositionward, and whose purse is limited, to hear the experience of one more predecessor of like condition, although the same story may have been better told before.

Our party, consisting of a gentleman, two ladies, a child, and nurse, hired an *appartamento* for sixty dollars per month. Many of our acquaintances paid less for ampler accommodations; but we were satisfied, living as we did, directly upon the Corso, midway between the Piazza del Poppolo and the church of San Carlo, in a new building (a wonder in Rome,) with a sun exposure (a greater wonder,) and fresh, clean walls and furniture, not dissoluble at a touch (wonder of wonders.) The entrance and staircase were broad and clean, well lighted by gas moreover, which it is only fair to state, was a distinguishing favor which kindle the envy of a majority of our visitors, who groped their way through darkness to their own lodgings.

Our *appartamento* comprised a parlor, three bed-rooms, dining-room, kitchen, closets, and two ante-rooms, which might have been used had occasion required as sitting or even bed-rooms, all upon one floor. It should also be said that full table and bed furniture were included in the rent, together with the weekly washing of house linen. Also, although we had three windows looking out upon the Corso, we were not, in spite of Mr. Murray's warning, disturbed in our exclusive occupancy during the carnival season. Four dollars per month gave us the good-natured service of a Roman woman who "kept herself;" that is, ate and slept at home. That Luisa spoke and understood no language but her own *patois* was certainly a venial offence, and even gave piquancy to the communication between mistress and maid. It was almost refreshing to housewives wearisomely used to birds who could but would not sing to have to deal with Luisa's innocent dumbness and obtuseness. Upon the ever-smiling object of them the effect of our instructions was often imperceptible, but upon baby Bell's Irish nurse fairly maddening: "Luisa! ye spalpeen! ye fooley! donty hear the missus tellin' ye hangey kettle, drawing-room fire!" No, Luisa hadn't heard; and Bridget's objurgation only broadened her stolid countenance with a deprecatory blush and smile, which made her assailant fairly foam with rage. It must also be confessed that the housekeepers were occasionally guilty of issuing an order to smiling Luisa in loud German, French, or English, under the temporary impression that she was an accomplished but deaf linguist.

As for our *cuisine*, we were like unto Elijah at Kidron. Our dinners, at least, were brought by the ravens. From 5 P. M. onward the Corso is enlivened by porters from the various *trattorie* of the city, balancing on their heads oblong tin boxes, which contain the viands previously ordered for dinner, kept at savory heat by a brazier of burning coals. The dessert, if to be eaten cold, is carried in one hand (its dishes tied in napkin, we will hope,) while the other steadies the burden on the head. This custom is so universal among foreign residents in Rome, that it is not at all uncommon, when invited to dine out, to be able to make your way to your host's by simply following your nose, ascending the staircase behind a procession of boxes redolent of the courses which will presently be elegantly served. Acting on a hint from our good fairy, the wife of the physician to our legation, we ordered "a *scudo* (one dollar) dinner for two persons." This proved ample for our three selves, baby Bell and her nurse, with a nice bit left over for lunch next day, beside the remnants which Luisa bore home triumphantly—readily understanding a whispered permission in the English tongue so to do—each night.

For the benefit of tourists of moderate means, I will give our bill of fare:—1st, Soup; 2nd, A roast or cutlets; 3rd, Chickens, pigeons, larks, or some other flying thing; 4th, A *dolce* of some sort—pudding, pie, or tart. Half a dozen *baiocchi* gave us incomparable salad and excellent oranges. The native red wine, without which one is forbidden to drink the water of Rome, we bought for fifteen cents a bottle, and sweet white wine, in its dainty flask, for a franc. Our bread (Graham and wheat) came every morning fresh and sweet from Mrs. Miller's English bakery; then there was butter—which, as I remember the tempting little pats, each lying cool and fair in its fresh leaf, brought every morning from the Swiss dairy in the *Babuino*, fills my soul with loathing for even the choicest product of our June dairies—and, finally, we had a flask of milk and three little jugs of luscious cream, price six baiocchi. The earliest waker in our establishment always found the patient Luisa waiting on the landing, with her unfailing smile, and her apron full of the day's supply of fresh eggs, oranges, and salad. Our morning meal was a simple affair of coffee, eggs, and cream. Our *dîjeûner*, at high noon, consisted of cold meat, cakes from a Swiss bakery on the Corso, and fruit. Bread and butter, of course, made the staple of both these meals. When one caterer became "near" or neglectful, we ordered dinners for a week from a rival *trattoria* or brought the American eagle to bear upon him in the person of our bright-eyed little godmother, before whom he quailed. Occasionally, however, after an attack of nostalgia, we would intermit the *trattoria* dinner, and sally out to market, the faithful Luisa following. Here we bought a juicy steak, there crisped maccaroni, and down under the shadow of the Pantheon mealy potatoes, and consigned them to Luisa's apron or market-pocket; and when all this was done we were still able to indulge in the extravagance of a dessert from Spillman's, so much less than the twenty-five cents per adult per month to which we limited ourselves had this impromptu meal cost.

But when seated at table after the preparation of this repast (during which Luisa, emulative of Yankee kitchen graces, had stood stock-still mooning at us admiringly while we did for ourselves what our Italian was insufficient to teach her to do,) our faces scarlet with the heat and exertion requisite to keep the steak turning in the air, our fingers smarting with the effect of rescuing the potatoes from the ashes of the drawing-room fire, and burning the maccaroni with a hot shovel, we looked at each other commiseratingly and said, This is a very good dinner, but it is our Luisas (minus the unfailing smile and willingness) and our ten hundred and ninety-five such meals every year which kill our mothers and sisters. Let us return to the "mentone" of the *trattoria*. You see the advantage which would at once be given to the housemother were this institution to be transplanted to our land. Does Brother Jonathan in the innocence of his heart, bring home with him to dinner on "washingday," without warning, his classmate Smith, who, as you are aware, is already prejudiced in your favor by the fact that he fully intended J——— should marry his own sister—you are able to vanquish him with a smile of welcome and a well ordered dinner from the *trattoria* around the corner, which for aught he dare say is your ordinary expression and fare.

Does Bridget's impertinence culminate in an offence which forces you to dismiss her instantly without regard to the progress of the dinner to which you have invited guests, how inexpressibly soothing it would be to be delivered from the humiliation of knowing—and *knowing that Bridget knows*—that after she has turned her scornful back, and the first flush of triumphant relief has faded from your cheek, there will come an inevitable round of wearisome drudgery which will seat you with your guests a broken-spirited, distracted hostess, around a doubtful dinner! Now, if every cook understood perfectly well that whenever and wherever she might leave her mistress, that happy woman need only take the nearest *trattoria* in her morning walk, and await in peaceful leisure a succession of good dinners and new cooks, would it not, with all reverence for the wise man, be found far more effectual than a soft answer in turning away the wrath of our household tyrants?

It is too late to avert the wrinkles of this generation, but let us smooth our daughters' brows and paths by setting up a *trattoria* over against the church and school-house in every community. What good men will begin?

☞ A FEAT IN RAILROAD TRAVEL.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company carried over their road on the 4th of July last, no less than *thirty seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-four* passengers, without injury to any of them, and without the slightest detention to any of the trains of the road. This, while being a feat in railroading, proves the Pennsylvania to be one of the safest and best conducted in the country.

☞ The fastest time by a running horse, on record, was lately made at Geneva, Ill., a quarter of a mile in 10 seconds.

☞ Speaking of the batch of American Knights created a few days ago by the Emperor of France, Mr. Brown expressed fears that when so many knights appeared in New York, "we should have it very DARK here."

☞ As an instance of the extensive expectations of peach patrons as to the extent of their crops, one manufacturing house alone has received orders for 100,000 boxes or crates, each to contain a bushel.

☞ In the free city of Bremen a curious custom of taxation prevails. The Government announces the sum that it requires and a chest is placed in the town house, to which every tax payer brings the proportion which he judges it right for him to pay. The amount of tax received has never failed to surpass the estimate of the public necessities.

☞ A large waterspout was observed on the Susquehanna river, near Binghamton, N. Y., a few days since. It was about 25 feet high, and moved with a loud roaring noise. When it broke, the ground for several rods on land was deluged with water.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S DAY.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Day"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULLSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

COSMO'S SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES.

While the South American Sketches were in progress, the question was repeatedly raised, as to how far they were accurate as pictures of South American life, scenery, curiosities, &c. The following communication from an intelligent gentleman of Camden, New Jersey, who, we believe, in the early days of THE POST, was one of its editors, may go far to settle the doubts of the skeptical:—

MR. PETERSON—Dear Sir, I have not been for a long time so much grieved as I was in learning from your paper, of the death of Mr. Kendall. Though I had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, his letters on South America have interested me very much; and I have read them regularly, with a constantly increasing interest, until I came to like their author, and to admire his free, hearty nature.

I am pleased with your suggestion that they be published in a volume; it would make one of the most interesting and valuable works ever put forth in relation to South America. If it will be any service, in carrying out your suggestion, I will remark that the Letters are highly commended and endorsed by eminently qualified judges. Some of the statements given, from time to time, were of so extraordinary a character, that I was led to submit them to two gentlemen of the U. S. Navy, who are my neighbors, and in whose intelligence I have the highest confidence. One of those gentlemen is the oldest surgeon, I believe, in the service; the other occupying the position of Commodore, and both having been stationed at different points along the South American coast, with opportunities of visiting the interior.

They afforded me much gratification in dispelling my doubts, and bearing testimony to the truthfulness of those spirited and instructive narratives, in every instance where it was, with myself, a question between romance and reality; and I have no doubt they would cheerfully give the widow the benefit of their endorsement, should the publication be decided on.

Yours respectfully,

T. COTTRELL CLARKE,

July 16, 1867. Camden, N. J.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT.

We do not mean, of course, lager beer, which some wit happily called the German element of American society—but the German singing associations, have been having a gay and festive season in Philadelphia.

Our German friends take their enjoyments—not seriously, like men of English ancestry—but with a broad good-humor, which is mirth-inspiring to the beholders.

While we have no doubt that any reasonable quantity of lager has been swallowed on this auspicious occasion, we do not remember to have seen a single German intoxicated in our streets. And yet we caught ourselves going into an involuntary arithmetical calculation the other day, when we met a gentleman trundling a huge "corporation" before him, as to how many glasses of lager a day he must have imbibed to produce such a tremendous result.

With singing and parading and a picnic, the annual celebration went happily off. Long may the German element of our population find pleasure in such things, and infect us Americans with their Teutonic taste for song, as much as is possible with so sedate a people.

HEAD GEAR.

The *London Spectator* has been bending all its critical energies to the determining of that vexed question, what would be a proper head-gear for man, and, more difficult still, for woman.

For men, after great deliberation and arduous investigation, the *Spectator* has decided upon the following as the style of the model hat:—"Shorten the silk covered funnel to three inches at most; widen the brims to at least two and a half, turning them up a little; make the inside edge soft with an India rubber belt; the linen or paper substitute is a blunder, and India rubber only a make-shift till chemistry helps the hatter; and we shall have a head covering applicable at once to the hygeist, the artist and the philosopher, who believes equality incomplete without at least a possible democracy of dress." This hat will be light, will shade the face and neck, and can be taken off for a bow.

For the ladies, the *Spectator* admits the many merits of the present style of bonnet, one of the greatest of which perhaps is the infinite diversity of which it is susceptible. But still the *Spectator* prefers the hood, though without the mantilla. "The hood," it alleges, "is the only head-dress which really covers the head, which can be made of any thickness or any material, which allows of any arrangement of the hair, which requires no separate packing or carriage, and which enables its wearers to be covered or uncovered, without any tedious processes of preparation. With a hood five seconds will fit a lady for the street, a saving of at least ten per cent. of the available time of half the human race. Healthy, convenient and cheap, or costly at discretion, the hood has every artistic recommendation." Moreover, and this is no small praise, "it suits all complexions and all ages, being, in fact, itself of every age; the very same hood which looks piquant in a girl, looking grave and quiet in the matron of forty-five."

Of course we shall not commit ourselves at present on these important subjects. We must take time to consider them. We only ask, can the hood ever be made as pretty as some of the little bonnets now worn by ladies of taste? Short of flowers, children of air and dew, or seashells, born like Venus, of the foam of the ocean, where can anything be found so airy and refined and graceful as some of these etherial little bonnets?

Complexion and Dress.

A florid complexion is rendered more florid by green. To take an extreme illustration, if such a thing were conceivable as a lady with a red nose, her keenest rival could not desire anything worse than on some momentous occasion she should wear a green dress. On the other hand, an excess of red may be counteracted by a crimson dress, or crimson and red near the face; but this last, though it is a common injunction, must not be accepted without caution. Red will not always cure, and sometimes seems to deepen, excess of red in the face—a result, however, it will be seen, if the case be analyzed, of the presence of other elements besides the red in the skin. Black, again, seldom agrees with a florid complexion, but accords better with a fair and ruddy face than with a dark and ruddy one. A brunette looks most brilliant in an orange dress, or orange and purple, or orange and black; but in the latter case red and crimson in the form of ribbons and flowers is of value to clear up the other colors, and act as a point or focus. Blue is always inimical to the brunette. Where the face is decidedly dark, strong dark colors will have the effect of rendering it lighter by contrast. A deep purple may be found of much value—dependent, of course, on the special half-tones of the face—but it will require to have light and bright subsidiary colors as trimming or ornaments. If the face be dark but pallid, dark and strong colors must be used cautiously. Titian constantly brings white into contact with the deep, glowing, healthy complexions he delighted to paint, and then has, either as the principal drapery, or close at hand, the richest crimson in considerable quantity. There are complexions that require rich deep tones and colors, with points of decided contrast. Maroon, as has been observed, is apt to bring out any latent green in the skin, and therefore can rarely be placed in contact with it. The interposition of white is sometimes sufficient to counteract the tendency. If sufficient, emeralds or other green ornaments may be tried. With a clear, light, rosy complexion a silver or pearly gray harmonizes admirably. But the gray tints will be found to suit complexions, partly because they form so good a ground for any strong color that may be required by the character of the complexion or the color of the hair, but also because from their variety it is comparatively easy to find a suitable tone. But the suitable tone is important. We have just said, for instance, that a silver or pearly gray harmonizes with a clear, light, rosy complexion, but such a gray would inevitably reveal any lurking orange, and deepen a slightly dusky hue. A pale complexion, if healthy and natural, is improved by black.

Continued Perils of English Railways.

A lady writes to the London Morning Post: "I had a narrow escape from being burned on my return from Paddington to Windsor on Wednesday, June 12. The axletree of the carriage took fire, and the heat was so great that I could not have borne it many minutes longer without suffocation. The train was a quick one, and I was alone in the carriage. I could not close both windows to diminish the draught, or I should have been suffocated. I tried to diminish the smoke by stuffing the cushions over the burning part. On noticing the smell of burning wood I put my hand under the seat, and the heat blistered my hand instantly. I shrieked 'Fire!' from the windows till I was quite hoarse, and my neighbors in the next carriage shook their newspapers out of the windows to attract attention, but we could not succeed in stopping the train. One gentleman got out of a carriage near, and made his way for some distance along the outside of the carriages, but was obliged at last to give up, and nothing was done until the train stopped at Slough. The cushions were then burned quite through, and I was beginning to feel that I could not endure any longer the intense heat and the suffocating smoke."

☞ The *Journal du Havre* gives a statement of a merchant captain of that city, who has been at sea twenty years, ten of them in command of ships, in which he says that twice in the course of the time he has saved his vessel by oiling the sea.

☞ The now famous phrase "bottled up," is to be found in Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great. In vol. 5, page 220, the author says—"Lenwald was just finishing with the Swedes, and got them all *bottled up* in Stralsund."

☞ A New Orleans editor says he counted 173 alligators in a mile of six miles along a bayou. The Boston Post thinks this a strong allegation.

☞ It is announced that by the 1st of November, seventeen gold mines will have been opened in Spottsylvania, Culpepper, Orange and Louisa counties, Virginia.

☞ The old superstition of the Witch Hazel is still cherished by some credulous people. Several efforts have lately been made in Ohio to sink oil wells at spots designated by the hazel rod. The latest story of this kind is one telling that a Mr. Cramer, prompted by an old Indian tradition, has returned from the West to hunt for a silver mine said to exist in Scioto county, the place of his former residence. He had heard of the tradition before he went to the West, but had not faith in it. The Portsmouth Tribune says a shaft has been sunk to the depth of fifteen feet, and work is being prosecuted with vigor. No "indications" have yet been found; but the "witch hazel" says that the argent is there.

☞ A monument to Sir Francis Drake—the man who said he had been "singeing the whiskers of the King of Spain"—is proposed at Berlin. The monument, however, is designed to honor him in a quieter capacity, namely, as the introducer of the potato into Europe.

☞ At a meeting of the Dorcas Society, held in Hoboken a few evenings since, a young lady propounded to a learned Presbyterian divine the following interrogatory: "Doctor, won't you be so good as to explain to us the difference between ministers of the Roman Catholic and Baptist churches?" "Oh, certainly, it is very slight: one uses *wax* candles—the other *dips!*"

Prof. Huxley on the Races of Men.

The great series of lectures of the year—the greatest perhaps ever delivered in London on its subject—have been those on ethnology, with which Prof. Huxley has just closed the season. They were 12 in number. So impressed were his hearers, among whom were several eminent men and ladies—Miss Cobbe and Lady Lyell being very regular listeners—with the immense number of novel facts adduced, that the Professor has been earnestly petitioned on the subject of their publication. It will, however, I have reason to fear, be five or six years before he will be able, amid his pressing duties at Jermyn street Museum, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Royal Institution (in all of which he is now a leading professor) to prepare them for publication. It is impossible for me, in the space of a letter, to furnish even an outline of the wonderful statement, which was illustrated by ethnographic maps, skulls, and portraits of persons of all races, in both ancient and modern times. I must content myself with presenting a few of the principles which make his method of inquiry and the general results at which he arrived. In deciding upon relationship and affinities between races, Professor Huxley considers first, complexion; and he finds four great classes of complexions, which I must suggest here by the words white, yellow, red, and black, though neither of these colors are completely represented in any race or any man. He then relies upon the shape of the head, which he finds divisible more or less into long, short, round, and prominent or otherwise in the lower face. He then relies on texture of the hair. Next he considers the language as analyzed by comparative philology; then the similarity of customs, of beliefs, of habits, &c. Beginning with the Australians he finds but one tribe related to them, and that is a small tribe in the South of India. He finds that there existed in the neighborhood of the Caspian and Aral Seas, in ancient times, the one at the North, the other at the South, a light and blue-eyed, and a dark and black-eyed people. The dark people are found adhering to the coast, and may be traced from Persia all around by Italy to their great western centre, the Basque region of Spain; thence they skirt France, Wales, Ireland, and are the immediate ancestors of the swarthy Britons. Welsh, and "Milesians" of Ireland of this day. From the Aral Sea to Saint Malo in the West of France there is such a level country that one may drive a wagon all the way without upsetting it. That was the path by which the migration of the fair race took place, and when they arrived here they mixed with the Basques, and to that intermixture Prof. Huxley attributes the varieties of Europe. He strongly opposes the idea that differences of climate could ever have produced the modifications of races, and insists that the mixture of races accounts for all. He traces no resemblance between the Africans and any other race, and finds that there is a geographical reason for believing that the Northern or cis Saharal part of Africa was a part of Europe, and ultra-Saharal Africa was an island. The Egyptians passed over from Italy and Spain, the physical connection between these and Africa being almost traceable now at low tide. From the Egyptians came the Syrians, Arabians, Armenians, &c. The Chinese, Tartars, &c., skirt northward into Scandinavia. But beyond them there are tribes that resemble the Indians of the extreme north of America. These are very different from the aboriginies of South America. The Professor finds that each great kingdom of race had its several and original civilization. There was an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Greek, a Mexican, a Peruvian civilization, and neither of these can be regarded as having been produced by the other, though our later centres of civilization may be traced to one or the other of these. The details he gave concerning these civilizations were extremely interesting. He quoted from very ancient Chinese writings (of date several thousand years before Christ) the golden rule, and found that with them originated the idea that government existed for the benefit of the people governed, instead of the governors. (Some one present observed after the lecture that he thought it would be advisable to get the Chinese to send missionaries to Europe.) When considering the ancient Egyptian civilization the Professor read us an Egyptian novel, deciphered from monuments which existed long before the days of the Pentateuch, which was clearly the original of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and has a good deal of the style of the Arabian Nights in it. With reference to the grand question of ethnology, whether all races migrated from a single centre, or, as Agassiz thinks, were originally formed in the lands where they are found, Professor Huxley finds in the Darwinian theory a point where those who assert one and those who assert many centres for the human family may unite. He thinks that in entirely pre-historic times the geographical structure of the earth was very different from what it is now, and that there were links and paths between the islands and continents, which exist no longer. Over the whole earth was distributed some very low primitive stock of the human type, and in the progress of ages these were separated the one from the other by vast geologic and geographic changes. Then, by gradual selection, the weaker and uglier of this stock in each place passed away before the stronger, until they were improved, and gradually culminated in their various civilizations. Thus each, in its present form, was created in its own island or continent.

While Professor Huxley was in his closing lecture giving these views I could not help being struck by the foresight of our own old Ben. Franklin, who, in a letter concerning the Indian relics of the Western states, suggested that once upon a time the world may have been wrecked like a vast ship, and that the islands, continents, &c., were the pieces of it to which people clung, being thus divided up into tribes and races, from which were developed the various peoples found scattered through the world. The letter to which I refer will be found in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, and as a quaint (and now, it seems, important) speculation will well repay perusal. I have no idea that Mr. Huxley ever heard that the idea had been suggested by Franklin, and indeed it was an inevitable deduction from his own facts. This makes it all the more striking that Franklin should have anticipated what must now be regarded as the deliberately adopted theory of the most accomplished ethnologist in Europe, and one who has gained the confidence of the scientific world everywhere by his faithful pursuit of truth, his profound humility in adhering to it when found, and his severe critical scholarship, which is able to separate from any and every ore the grains of simple fact it may contain.—*London Correspondent of the Tribune.*

THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINE.

Phillis de la Tour du Pin, surnamed "L'Heroine du Dauphine," and in her family called Madlle. de la Charce, was born in 1669, at Nyons, where a magnificent house is still shown as that which the Seigneurs de la Charce inhabited. Her branch of this ancient race were Protestants, descending from the great Marquis de la Charce, of whom Henri IV. made a brother-in-arms and a trusted friend. But towards the year 1685 they returned to the Roman Catholic faith, and have since remained steady adherents of the Church of Rome. To this conversion is traditionally ascribed the whole romance of Madlle. de la Tour du Pin's adventurous life. The orphan heir to one of the most glorious names in France, Raymond, Comte de Beranger, had been brought up by the Marquis de la Charce with his own children, and had looked upon Phillis as his destined bride. The desertion of the Protestant faith by the family of his betrothed forced young Raymond to choose between honor and love. He chose honor. The lovers were separated when Phillis was not eighteen, but their attachment proved beyond the power of circumstances. When the severity of the measures taken against the Protestants, and the fatal revocation of the *Edit de Nantes* (1685) had driven the Huguenots to despair, the Comte de Beranger was one of those who placed themselves at the head of the insurgents. In the south of France the Protestants were numerous and determined, and not only did the Alps of Dauphine seem to them so many fastnesses offered by nature, but the near neighborhood of the Duke of Savoy tempted them to a foreign alliance against their own sovereign. They concluded this alliance, and the Piedmontese troops were soon marching upon the frontier, and preparing to wrest one of her fairest provinces from France.

The Marquis de la Charce died at this moment, recommending his wife and family to his second daughter, Phillis, instead of, as usual, the children to their mother. His youthful son, the Vicomte de la Charce, was attached to the staff of the Marechal de Catinat, who was at Grenoble at the head of a small *corps d'armée* charged to defend the province. Like all those who approached Phillis, her father judged her capable of any heroic effort. Her education had been rather a masculine one, though one by no means extraordinary among the ladies of her class in the seventeenth century in France.

She was a perfect housewoman, an intrepid huntress, "cunning of fence," and the best shot for twenty leagues round. Besides this, she knew every mountain pass in the country. This was the cause of her superiority as a military commander; for the Protestants resolved to try a guerilla campaign, and her strategy proved too much for the invading force. Having assembled all the gentry of the province, and having under her orders about two thousand men, she rushed forward to Gap, where the Duke of Savoy had already crossed the frontier. Gap was taken and in flames, but the enemy had evacuated it. Madlle. de la Tour du Pin immediately cut her little army in two, established one half in Gap, and with the other boldly set out to pursue the Piedmontese. They were overtaken by her, and in this conjuncture her tactics were those of a consummate general. She marked her forces till she saw the Savoyards engaged in a formidable hill pass, then, with the cry of "*En avant, mes amis, et vive le roi!*" she bore down upon them, and so effectually defeated them that they retreated into Savoy as best they might. They were cut to pieces, and Dauphine was delivered. Count Caprara strove to avenge this defeat, and attacked Phillis, but Catinat had sent her reinforcements, and she beat Caprara like his master. When the Duke of Savoy returned to his own country he could only speak of his successful enemy with rapturous praise.

"If," he was wont to say, "there were *one* such woman in my dominions, I would marry her; and had I ten wives, she should be my eleventh, were his holiness to excommunicate me! What a mother of heroes she would make."

When the invasion was defeated, Madlle. de la Charce retired to Montmaur, an estate of her family, and laid down her arms. But the Protestants now rose on all sides, and a rebellion in the interior of the country was imminent. The population, headed by the *nobless* called upon Phillis to command them, declaring that under her orders they were certain of victory, but this she steadfastly refused. Raymond de Beranger was one of the Huguenot chiefs, and against him she could not fight. She had taken up arms to save her country and her lover; hoping, by repelling the foreigner, to prevent M. de Beranger from recrossing the frontier and giving himself up to the vengeance of Louis XIV. But in vain; the rebels were besieged in Nyons, and the leaders tried, condemned and executed.

There is a popular tradition which says that Phillis saw her lover the day before his execution, and gave him her word that she would see him die. He is said to have implored this of her as a last proof of affection. The scaffold was erected on the great place at Nyons, opposite the Hotel de la Tour du Pin, and the legend is that on the fatal morning the *widowed maiden* stood at the window and let Raymond's dying gaze fix itself upon her till his head fell under the axe.

Phillis died in 1703; a woman of gentle, retiring demeanor, universally beloved, and to her death enjoyed a pension the king had granted her, "*comme à un brave officier.*" Her portrait and arms were hung up at St. Denis, by the side of those of Jeanne d'Arc, but she never could be induced to talk of her exploits. When her sister Marguerite, styled Madlle. d'Aleyrac (who wrote her biography), tried to question her, she only replied, "I acted on the impulse of my heart, and I know little more than you do of the events you wish me to recount. We drove the enemy out of the country; God's grace enabled us to beat him everywhere; that is all I can say." Poor Phillis! she knew too well that what to others seemed heroic had been inspired by a passionate but most natural feeling.

Her townsmen raised a monument to her at Nyons, where she lies buried, and she is known in French history as the "heroine of Dauphine."

☞ A little model of an aerial machine has been exhibited in France, which, by purely mechanical force, it is said, carries a mouse through the air. A sanguine and patriotic critic declares that France has thus solved the difficulty of aerial navigation, and that a machine proportionately large will raise an elephant much more easily than the model bears its tiny traveller.

☞ It is believed that Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian, was assassinated and robbed of his $48,000 blood money.

Nine Wedding-Ring Reasons.

Reasons for the use of the Wedding Ring in the marriage ceremony:

1. As by turning a ring forever no end can be found, so the friendship cemented by marriage should be endless and perpetual; not even broken off finally by the interruption of death, but the marriage party separating merely during the night of the grave in sure and certain hope of meeting again on the following of a glorious resurrection, when all that was pure and lovely in the union, shall be more so still, with the high additional perfection of continuing uninterrupted throughout the endless round of a blessed immortality.

2. As the marriage ring should be made of pure gold, which is the most pure or simple of all metals, so the marriage union, cemented by that impressive pledge given and received, should be pure in its origin, pure in its continuance, and so pure in all its motives as to contra-distinguish the contracting parties from all intimacies founded upon gross or carnal principles, and as nearly as possible resembling the love of Christ for his spouse the Church, who so loved the Church that he gave himself for it.

3. As gold, of which the marriage ring should be made, is esteemed the most valuable of all metals, so the love and friendship implied in the marriage ring should ever be considered as infinitely more valuable than any other system of which human nature is capable.

4. As gold is the most compact or least porous of metals, so the marriage love and friendship should be so closely cemented by the blending into each other of all the kind and good affections of the parties, as to leave no possible aperture or opening for the introduction of any strange or forbidden affection. Each party should always be prepared to say of the other,

"Thy loveliness my heart hath pre-possest,
And left no room for any other guest."

5. As gold, by the action of the most intense heat, even in a crucible, cannot lose any particular of its original weight and worth, but comes out of the crucible as heavy and as valuable as when it was put in, losing nothing in consequence of the fiery ordeal, except whatever portion of dross or alloy may have been incorporated with the pure metal; so the most severe afflictions, and fiery persecutions, which may be the portion of the marriage parties, during some of the changes and chances of this mortal life, should never be able to deteriorate or take from the marriage union any part of its intrinsic worth or beauty, but the parties should rise from the furnace of affliction and the dishonors of the grave without having lost anything except the grosser particles of earth and sin, which may have unhappily attached themselves to the mystic union which was intended to secure their felicity.

6. The marriage ring should be perfectly plain; that is, no chased, raised, or artificial work should appear on its surface—implying, that the marriage union should not be the result of any artifice, on account of wealth, equipage, honor, or the undue influence of friends, but the plain result of an honorable and religious affection between the contracting parties and that God who first instituted the holy estate of matrimony.

7. As gold is an incorruptible metal—that is, if thrown into the mire, or imbedded in the most impure soil, it will never become corrupt, corrode, or imbibe one speck of rust or impurity, so should the marriage love and friendship, however it may be sometimes obliged to descend from the elevation of affluence into the deepest valley of penury or distress, be doomed "To waste its sweetness on the desert air," be incarcerated within the gloomy confines of the prison cell, or associate with the poor, the mean, or the illiterate; still, like its incorruptible emblem, should it continue as bright and beautiful as ever.

8. As gold is the most ductile of all metals, so that an ounce can be beaten out to cover an acre of land, or gild a finely attenuated thread to embrace the circumference of the world's surface, so should the results of the marriage union fulfill the original command, to increase, multiply, and cover the earth with "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold."

9. As the marriage-ring exhibits nothing to imply pre-eminence of the one party over the other, notwithstanding that the word *obey* is applied to the woman rather than the man, yet the man should ever recollect, that as, in forensic courts, especially Courts of Equity, the plaintiff must appear with what is called "clean hands," in other words, have fully done his part and duty, so before the husband can have any right to command, or the wife be under obligation to obey, he must remember the test of his love and sincerity, which is given in Holy Scriptures, viz: "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the Church;" but how did Christ prove His love for the Church? by dying for it. When a love, of which this is the model, predominates in the husband's heart, he can require no obedience from his wife but what she will ever feel it to her honor, privilege, and delight to render.

☞ The American Artisan estimates that the accumulated expansion of the rails in a line of railroad 500 miles long, would amount at the highest summer temperature to nearly one-fourth of a mile as compared with the length of the same rails during the coldest weather of winter.

☞ A curious trial of strength occurred at Buffalo on Thursday last. There was a dispute as to the relative strength of two tugs, and it was decided by attaching a strong hawser from the stern of one to the other, and then at a given signal each endeavored to pull the other backwards. The winning, and of course strongest tug dragged the other off captive.

☞ An old gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady, who sat in front of him at the theatre. The result was, he uprooted all her back hair. Deeply chagrined, he hastily apologized, but soon learned that the bug was artificial, and was used to *hold the head and hair together*. A scene was the consequence.

☞ A sensible husband in Clyde, N. Y., has discovered and adjusted a scandal in his household after an approved fashion. He surprised his wife and a man of profligate character in relations to each other that proved the woman no longer worthy of his protection. He drew a revolver and presented it at the guilty pair; but instead of shooting either, he extorted from both an admission that they were willing to live with each other. Then he made the man swear to support, treat well, and never desert the woman, and turned them both out of doors, with a charge never to cross his path in life again.

☞ F. O. C. Darley, the artist, has returned from a two years' sojourn in Europe.

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me.
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is the letter."
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return for, out of seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's own garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven months to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way;
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we had dreamed.
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

The Heart of an Artist.

The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Every one that knows something about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable and highly-endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her first debut was a splendid one, in spite of the envy of her colleagues. However, she was hissed at as passionately by the snakes of the side scenes as she was received with applause by the lions of the parterre. Miss Amalie Steininger was one of the most enraged of these snakes—a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. Nevertheless, Miss Amalie had her knights, who still always wore her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knighthood she succeeded in putting her rival to flight.

Miss Sontag sang (some years later) at one of the first theatres of Berlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Fæger, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongues of the enthusiasts and the pens of the journalists talked only about her, and there was no garden in and around Berlin that hadn't been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always surrounded by people of the first families; aye, some nights they took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That's what I call enthusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was riding in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard the Vienna national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nanneri!" was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one.

"Who is that woman you lead there?"

"O, that's my poor, blind mother, madam."

"And the name of your poor, blind mother?"

"Amalie Steninger."

"Amalie Steninger?" asked Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amalie Steninger. My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell every thing we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that pearled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the celebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a colleague who lost her eyes. Here is my purse," she continued, "and please let it not be the only one gliding in the hands of this poor child." The little girl had her hands in a moment full of gold and silver, and thought that God had sent an angel to relieve her poor, unfortunate mother.

"Where does your mother live, my child?" asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the little one.

"Behind the Konigsmauer, No. 19."

"Nanneri, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to await me this afternoon. I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her who the young, beautiful lady was.

Alas! the good child didn't understand her mother's tears. The celebrated singer kept her word. She visited her in the course of the day, in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amalie how badly she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned oculist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her. Henriette sang the popular "Iphigene," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this artist. Henriette Sontag took care of her to the end of her life, and gave the little girl (who is now a celebrated actress, and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the singer) a very good education.

☞ The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury tells the following story: The Summerville train yesterday morning ran into a negro at about four miles from this city. The train was making about 15 miles an hour, and the negro, when struck by the cow-catcher, was thrown about 15 feet in the air, falling on the engine, between the back of the cow-catcher and the boiler. By the time that the train could be stopped, he was in a lively condition and was complaining that the boiler burned him. The poor fellow was cut upon the foot and head; but he was able to walk, and his injuries are not in any way dangerous.

☞ The late George B. De Forest, of New York, leaves $860,000, of which each of his four children gets $50,000, and his widow $660,000.

☞ The original manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and some of his prose compositions, were sold at auction, in London, on the 6th.

☞ There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed, and largely swells a debt which sooner or later he must acquit.

☞ The Constitutional Union, of Washington City, reports that a Runic inscription has been discovered near the Great Falls in the Potomac; that it records the death of an Icelandic woman named Susan, who died in 1051; that the discovery proves the visit of the Northmen to our shores five centuries before the time of Columbus, and that they made explorations inland. It is also stated that fragments of teeth, bronze trinkets, coins and other curious things have been exhumed from the grave.

☞ The sentence of the would-be assassin of the Emperor of Russia, at Paris, to imprisonment at hard labor for life, is a wonderful proof of the progress of humane legislation. A hundred years ago he would have been broken on the wheel, or quartered.

☞ The Adventist millennium is postponed until next year in Connecticut.

☞ The Marion (Ohio) Mirror of the 24 inst. says that Mrs. Richardson, near that town, had missed her little boy, and went out into the garden to hunt him. To her horror she saw the little fellow, eighteen months old, literally enveloped in the folds of a monster snake. She heroically seized the snake in her hands and tore it loose. No sooner was he loose, however, than he made for the mother, ferociously, and coiled himself about her person, attempting to strangle her as he did the boy. She again seized him, and disengaged herself from him, and killed him with an axe. The little child swelled up for several days, but has finally recovered. The snake is what is called the "blue racer," which does not bite, but strangles. It measured ten feet.

☞ The most powerful fountain in the world is at Bennington, Vermont, on the premises of S. S. Hunt. The water is brought in a six-inch pipe from an elevation of 325 feet, and is thrown in an inch jet to the height of 154 feet. The basin of the fountain is one hundred feet in diameter and 4½ feet deep, and the entire works cost $20 000. The celebrated fountain at Chatsworth, England, throws only a jet 90 feet high.

☞ While a Mr. Rice was eating cherries on his farm, near Fredisburg, Ind., on the 3d inst., and viewing the working of his bees, a bive being close to him, one of the bees stung him on the upper lip, when he immediately started for the house, calling to his mother for some remedy, laughingly remarking that a bee had stung him. The remedy was applied, but in half an hour the man was speechless, and soon after was a corpse.

☞ As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or in sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

☞ A Mrs. Chamberlain, of New Haven, dreamed the other night that her son, eleven years of age, was drowned, and was so impressed thereby that she would not allow him to go with her to South End by boat on Thursday, but sent him in the omnibus. Soon after his arrival there he was drowned while bathing.

☞ The number of employes at the Springfield Armory has been increased to 1,220, and will probably be still further increased during the summer. The work of altering the old model muskets into breech loaders is going on briskly, and twenty-five thousand have already undergone transformation.

☞ Not far from Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, a clergyman, celebrated for his talent at making blunders, after having pronounced a happy couple man and wife, concluded the ceremony by "wishing them a happy and pleasant journey through life, and hoped that they would be blessed in their marriage relation as were Abraham and Sarah in days of old." Before the company diffused themselves to their respective places of abode, a youth of Scriptural pursuits informed them that "Sarah was one hundred years old before she bore Isaac!" That was so! The clergyman acknowledged the corn, and "then the band played."

The Use of Mosquitoes.

Dr. Osgood finds that even mosquitoes do good service to the world, and are useful even to those who anathematize them:

God means to give us strength as well as wisdom, and he is as much opposed to idleness and inefficiency as to folly and improvidence. He keeps his rational creatures ever on the alert; and in rude ages he set the wild beasts about men as a kind of watch to keep them awake; and sometimes it was the stern destiny of the backwoodsman either to slay or be slain, or to eat the bear or be eaten by him. Even the annoying insects that we so little love and so readily commit to Beelzebub, the demon of flies as of lies, have a use, and are, like the mosquitoes, a sort of police guard to keep sluggards awake, especially on warm days; and undoubtedly those little imps, whom I do not love, add to the wealth and health of the nation, by spurring the lazy and sleepy to work, and keeping many a lounger from a perilous nap in malarious regions.

☞ Austria is making rapid progress in the path of political reform, having secured an act making the Imperial ministers responsible to the Legislature. For such a law the people of France and Prussia have long asked in vain.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for STRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Persons who have been dragged without benefit, for bilious disorders dyspepsia or confirmed constipation, will find immediate and permanent relief from this remedy. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL MCDOWELL to Miss MARY WOOD, both of this city.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborrow, Mr. THOMAS S. MATTHEWS to EMILY H. P. COOK, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. HARVORD E. PEALEY to Miss MARY J. DELANY, both of this city.

On the 19th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. CHARLES H. DERR to Miss ANNA E. SEIBEL, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FREDERIC A. MYERS to Miss MARY J. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. CHARLES F. HUMPHREYS to Miss ELLA CORSON, both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, MAGGIE, daughter of Mary and the late Robt. Colville, aged 24 years.

On the 16th instant, JAMES ARMSTRONG, in his 54th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. THOMAS LAFORTE, aged 61 years.

On the 13th instant, EDWIN F. MOORE, in his 34th year.

On the 16th instant, JOANNA S. ROBERTS, in her 23d year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. REBECCA DAVIS, aged 81 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM F. MILLER, in his 30th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JAMES STEELE, in his 49th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. SAMUEL C. COX, in his 61th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. About 3000 bbls sold at $8@8 50 ℔ bbl for superfine; $9@9 50 for extra; $10@12,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $11@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16 50 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,25@8,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There is more new Wheat offering, 10,000 bus new Southern red sold in lots at $2,60@2,75; 2000 bus old do at $2,75@2,85; 1500 bus California at from $2,15@3,25 ℔ bus. Rye; 2,000 bus sold at $1,60@1,63 ℔ bus. Corn; 20,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,13@1,15, and 30 000 bus Western mixed at $1,09@1 12 ℔ bus. Oats; 18,000 bus sold at from 85c@$1,05 ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—Small sales are making at $24@24 50 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 16@21 ℔ lb for plain and fancy barged Bacon Hams; 15@16c for pickled do; 10¾@11c for salt Shoulders; 12@13½c ℔ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at from $17@20 for Western, and $25@27 ℔ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $42@43. Butter—Small sales are making at 9@15c for roll, and 9@18c for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 13@16c ℔ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 27@28c ℔ doz.

COTTON—About 700 bales of middlings sold at 25@27c ℔ lb for Uplands, and New Orleans.

BARK—Sales first No 1 Quercitron at $42 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 41½@42c ℔ lb.

COAL—We quote White Ash at $4,50@4,75, and Red Ash at $4,75@5 ℔ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 80@85c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 4@6¼c, and Western at 6@6½c. Dried Peaches range at 9@10c for halves; 7@8c for quarters, and 25@30c for pared.

HOPS—Prime sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ℔ lb.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $43@44 ℔ ton; No. 2 at $40@42, and gray forge at $38@39 ℔ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $41@42.

SEEDS—Timothy sells at from $3,50@3,75. Clover seed—We quote prime at $8@9 ℔ bushel.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11@11¼c for city rendered, and 10¼c ℔ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at 31@35c for unwashed, at 50@55c ℔ lb for fine, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 17¾@18¾c ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ℔ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@6¼c ℔ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $9@10,00 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who meet the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent gratis to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		8.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	25.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

HUNGARIAN SONG.

Do you not see how our gallant Theresa
  Sits her white charger a-top of the hill?
Do you not hear how the people applaud her,
  A woman in heart, and a hero in will?
    We are the men who ride
    Round her on every side,
Bearing the banner and wielding the spear:
    Many a dinted brand
    G'ued to the striker's hand
Bites through her foes, when Theresa is near!

Gloriously rich is the crown of St. Stephen;
  Many a bonny bright jewel is there;
Gold, ruddy gold, of the Lombard's own making,
  Fit for the brows of our Captain to wear.
    We are the men who stand
    Round her on every hand,
Waiting to offer the welcome we bring,
    Till she hath claim'd her own,
    Till they have press'd that crown
Firm on the head of Theresa, our king.

Warriors from Pesth that looks down on the Danube!
  Men from old Gran to the forts of Belgrade!
All that are girt by our circling Carpathians,
  Hear the deep vow that Theresa hath made!
    We with the rest of you,
    March as the best of you—
Round her the Magyar do march as her sons;
    Claiming our liberty
    Only to fight and die
Thus, for Theresa, the King of the Huns.

—ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

DIARY FOR A HOT WEEK.—Sunday—Day of rest, of course nothing can be done. Monday—Being early in the week, don't be too precipitate in beginning anything. Tuesday—Determine not to let the week go by without achieving something brilliant. Wednesday—Resolve on vigorous measures for to-morrow. Thursday—Mature yesterday's deliberations. Friday—Rather too late in the week to do anything. Saturday—Give yourself up to Society, and consult friends (who know best) what is to be done next.

☞ You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I walked beside the dark gray sea,
  And said, "O world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
  For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"Yon rising wave licks off the snow,
  Winds on the crag each other chase,
In little powdery whirls they blow
  The misty fragments down its face.

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
  Winter sits cowering on the wold,
And I, beside this watery brim,
  Am also lonely, also cold."

I spoke, and drew towards a rock,
  Where many mews made twittering sweet;
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
  Did pat the sea grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
  Ran up and washed it while they fed;
Their fond and foolish ecstasy
  A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy companied with every cry,
  Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
  And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!
  What ideas graced the twittering things;
Luxurious paddlings in the spray,
  And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
  The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
If mine own life had been recast,
  Earth had not looked more changed to me.

"Where is the cold? Yon clouded skies
  Have only dropped their curtains low
To shade the old mother where she lies,
  Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow.

"The cold is not in crag, nor scar,
  Not in the snows that lap the ice,
Not in yon wings that beat afar,
  Delighting, on the crested sea;

"No, nor in yon exultant wind
  That shakes the oak and bends the pine,
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find
  No tenne of cold, fond fool, but thine!"

With that I felt the gloom depart,
  And thoughts within me did unfold,
Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart:
  I walked in joy, and was not cold.

SHADOWS AND OUTLINE.

INTRODUCTION.

Depend upon it life is a grim joke—a fantastic admixture of the sublime and ridiculous. Look back upon your own career, my friend, and see what a strange tangled weft it is. What smudges and blotches and patches there are in it! Every now and then, it is true, you see a gorgeous bit of pattern, full of graceful lines and curves; but do they not run into ridiculous twists and twirls and fantastic angles that burlesque the beautiful and travestie the sublime?

I offer you these three rough etchings of my own life by way of illustration. Limned from nature, you may take them as untouched studies. They tell their own story, and leave something to the imagination besides.

I.—DAYBREAK.

A long, straggling, crooked street, with the shadow of the Elizabethan age upon it; a street with old gabled houses in it, and dark alleys; a street to wander about and ponder about. Nearly every shop was a museum of curiosities. The furniture brokers of the city—the fine old city of Sevarnoroes—had settled down in Tick Street like a swarm of birds, and had made their nests in a line, after the fashion of the few antique swallows which had visited Tick Street from time immemorial.

The broker's nests were varied by a few greengrocers, who were tolerated because they were useful in supplying the others with potatoes and cabbages, dried fish and cucumbers. But no other foreigners to the tribe were permitted, except a Jew clothesman, who took up his station in a dark corner despite the most formidable opposition; and I question whether "Moshes," as he was called in derision, would have triumphed but for the triple-bailed banner, which had a strange charm for the greengrocers' wives of the quarter and other slatternly women from distant streets, who visited the Jew at all seasons with something under their aprons.

The brokers were a proud race, and a curious; but, strange to say, they were under petticoat government, and, strange to say, under spinsterial government. Miss Whilelmena Jinks was the chief of the race, and next to her came Miss Chalks. Both ladies were artists in their way, and supplemented brokering with artistic employment. Miss Jinks made wax figures and "tableaux," as she called them, and Miss Chalks stuffed birds.

Miss Jinks, who wore red ribbon in her cap, rejoiced in a pale yet persistent mustache, and was given to burning the hooks of her dress behind, did a fair amount of business in all those miscellaneous articles of furniture which are often to be picked up cheap at sales by auction by the professional bidder who bids and bides his time; who is the first to put in appearance beneath the shadow of the auctioneer's rostrum, and the last to leave the place. Miss Jinks had a fierce, quick way of bidding, too, which was said to be highly successful, and which was looked upon as a wonderful gift by her numerous colleagues. Some of them went so far as to say that her mustache had been a fortune to her, but they never went into any detailed reasons for this assertion.

The truth is, Miss Jinks had a masculine, domineering way with her, and was an energetic woman, continually fighting and asserting herself. She was perpetually announcing her birth and parentage, and demonstrating her superiority both in learning and wealth.

"My father, ath I have thaid before, with a merchant, and a merchant in thith very city, and a boarding-school education was mine from a child, with use of the globes and wool-work; and when I came to years of discretin, I copied his contracts, and kep his ledger, and it is not for those who have been brought up otherwise to compete with one that has."

There was no gainsaying this from a woman of forty, who looked at you with a pair of fierce gray eyes, and who flourished a brawny arm, that could easily have struck you to the earth if you had.

"It's all very well for your Chalkses and others to set themselves up, and make out that they have real genteel ideas, but they are not to be had for twopence a week at a charity school, no more than real mahogany is to be bought for the price of deal. Your Chalkses may think it elevating to stuff birds and put glass eyes in their poor weak little heads; but it's for them as knows what true art is to snap their fingers at such rubbish. What do you say, Arthur?"

That was your humble servant, I was Arthur; I, Arthur Westwood. When this little outbreak of temper on the part of Miss Jenks occurred, I had been engaged for more than a week to assist in painting her wax figures. My father and mother were "poor but industrious," as the story books put it, and my five shillings a week formed an important addition to the general stock.

"Miss Jinks had three rooms set apart for her "Gallery of Arts," her "Wonders in Wax," to which her customers were admitted without charge, and which she contemplated removing at some future day to the great metropolis. Her figures were about the size of the ordinary Punch puppets, and they were all her own manufacture. There were among them kings and queens and princes of all climes; poets and generals, pickpockets and murderers; and a model of every bird, beast, and reptile, copied from a large folio edition of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." Some of the figures were grouped in tableaux, and others were stuck up in single file. There was Daniel in the lion's den, and Moses holding up the serpent; Napoleon at St. Helena; the coronation of Queen Victoria; the trial of a bandit chief; the capture of a negro; and Byron bidding adieu to his native hills.

Some of these groups were enclosed in glass cases. Miss Jinks set most value upon the Scripture pieces; and she had succeeded, by means of a pair of old clock-wheels, a piece of string, and a handle, in making Daniel nod his head at an apoplectic lion, and by the same appliances the snake was made to spin round and round; but Miss Jinks explained to her friends and admirers that she soared above mere tricks of this sort; she had only introduced mechanism just to show what might be done; her great object was to imitate nature in all its beauteous forms and colors; and she hoped she had succeeded—to say nothing of the correct costumes of the periods.

When persons of more than ordinary position, after making a purchase, were induced to visit the gallery, Miss Jinks would quietly slip behind a curtain in the third room, and perform sundry well-known airs on an old square piano, which she had bought at the sale of the boarding-school establishment where she was educated, and upon which she had learnt the five-fingered exercise. Miss Jinks was a lover of order and harmony. She liked all things to be in keeping, she said; and so, when her visitors were looking at *Daniel*, she struck up the Old Hundredth with impossible variations; "Rob Roy" accompanied the bandit scene, and "God Save the Queen" the coronation.

The figures were marvels in the way of eyes and arms. The former were always very wide open, and the latter usually fixed in a painful assertion of assumed authority. Napoleon was looking through his glass at a soldier, who was close to him; and Queen Victoria was sitting very jauntily on a pasteboard throne, nursing her sceptre in a very maudlin fashion, among a crowd of rickety, drunken, spooney-looking lords, and dukes, and generals, and bishops; some with drawn swords, others with their hands upon their hips, striking magnificent attitudes. Byron was sitting up in a boat all alone, with his shirt-collar undone, and his native hills were rising up a few inches from the shore, and in a very threatening attitude; whilst in the lions' den, at the coronation, at St. Helena, and in the wilderness, birds and beasts and reptiles were flying and creeping and prowling about in all the glory of blue, and red, and green, and yellow, with golden heads, and tails, and eyes, and legs, and feet, of the most varied and gorgeous hue.

Miss Jinks loved plenty of color. "Nature has not stinted it, and no more will we, Arthur; so just give that peacock another touch of blue, and give the lizard a green topping."

And in that little room where the figures received their final touches of color, I, Arthur Westwood, received the gorgeous spinster's instructions, and carried them out. Few fellows would believe that this was my first introduction to art. My instructress had, as I have said, a tremendous eye for color, and she was always anxious that it should be understood she was an amateur. Art was not her profession, neither was it a necessity to her on the score of money; it was her hobby, her recreation, and she never failed to explain all this upon all occasions.

"Your Chalkses and such like may pretend to be brokers and furniture dealers and connoisseurs of articles of virtue, but it is one thing to do that as a profession, and live by it, and another to stuff birds and all sorts of filthy things, and really get your bread and cheese by that; though why I should say bread and cheese, when it is well known that the Chalkses mostly dine off the bodies of the birds and beasts which they stuff—the process is well known; but it is not for me to say nothing against my neighbors, and so never mind that, Arthur, but look to the color and don't be afraid of your blues and reds. If nature makes a thing blue, why nature means it to be real blue, and so make it as blue as you can, Arthur."

It was a strange world, this new world which opened up to me at Jinks's; quite a world of wonder and romance. To be allowed to revel in Goldsmith's book, and the history of England, a book of fairy tales, eastern legends, and Byron's poems; and not only to look at the pictures, but to paint models from them, and have real paints and brushes! This was something beyond all my childish dreams; and to have five shillings a week for such glorious amusement! There was something so marvellously romantic about the whole thing, that half my time I could not help believing that Miss Whilelmena Jinks was an eccentric genii, who lavished favors upon me from pure good nature.

A room all to myself, and paints all to myself, and all the contents of a Noah's ark done up in wax to paint and fasten feathers upon, and rows of dolls waiting for their cheeks to be rouged! It was quite a little paradise. When I went home to dinner every day, I walked along the streets with my studio and paints and pictures continually in my poor little noddle. All very ridiculous; and yet that made me a painter. Ay, and more; my being an artist was the means of introducing me to her who made such a change in the tangled weft of my tangled life, that I may exhibit it fairly, in proof of the grim ridiculous blending of pain and pleasure, and greatness and littleness, in the weft which we complete at last.

The time soon came, you may be sure, when I discovered that my spinsterial angel was anything but a goddess. I was hardly twelve years old when I found that I was living in a fool's paradise, and that all the visitors made fun of Miss Jinks and her *petit* artist. O, that I could have gone on in my ignorance, blissfully painting puppets! When my father became well off I went to school, and learnt to be ashamed of the name of Jinks, though I imbibed my love of art at that muddy source in Tick Street, where the morning of my life first broke in such glories of blue, and carmine, and amber.

II.—TWILIGHT.

No, I would not part with that palette for a hundred pounds. I am not rich either, Heaven knows that! I have painted for years and years, and old Tandy, the dealer, takes a sufficient number of pictures from me to make my income enough for an old bachelor. But a hundred pounds, no, not a thousand, would buy that poor little palette, with the dried-up patches of color upon it—*her* palette.

I was a young fellow when first I knew her. She was a member of that drawing-class which I established in the northern city. You don't know the city? A quaint old monkish place to dream away a life in; a city with a cathedral and castle which the sun lights up in a thousand strangely beautiful ways; a city fully represented by those ecclesiastical and feudal buildings, which stand on a high hill overlooking the Wear. Mr. Beverley has put many a bit of the banks of this same water into his magnificent Drury Lane scenery. But how I wander. Let me see, I was talking about that palette of Edith's.

She was an orphan, and lived with a maiden aunt in the college yard. Such eyes! That sketch of mine which hangs by the fireplace does not come within a thousand miles of their sparkling depth. And her brown hair deftly twined over her forehead. I fancy I can see her now, bending over her work and struggling at it in her childish desperation.

"I shall never be able to draw any better," she said, her pretty lips pouting, and a tear trickling down her fair cheek; "but I really think I have an eye for color."

"An eye for color!" I remember saying to myself; "an eye for love—an eye to make a man happy all his days"

But I was a young fellow then, susceptible and enthusiastic, and I fell in love with Edith Viner almost the first moment I saw her.

"And I am determined I will do something; I feel that I could make such a picture if I only knew how to convey my own ideas and impressions."

"Make a picture! Yes, as pretty a one as ever adorned canvas," I said, on the impulse of the moment.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, sadly, not taking my compliment, nor noticing the flush on my face. "Everybody laughs at me. Aunt calls me stupid, and the girls in the class nudge each other and titter at what they call my impossible trees and eccentric animals."

"I was not laughing, I assure you," Miss Viner," I said, seriously; "I should be the last to laugh at you—I who admire you so much, and—"

She had remained behind after the class had broken up, and her sweet, confiding manner to me was irresistible. I fear I forgot my position as tutor entirely. I stammered out some hurried, silly declaration of love, and felt as if my very existence depended upon the effect it would make. I can remember the sensation now, gray old bachelor as I am; and I have not forgotten the awful feeling of chagrin and disappointment at the ringing laugh which greeted my outburst of romance.

"Why, what a silly young man you must be, Mr. Westwood. It is really too absurd. Here am I anxious that you should teach me how to paint, and you actually begin to talk about love—like Don Quixotte, or a person in a play."

And the lively, arch, round, supple, bright-eyed girl laughed again with intense amusement. I was piqued; she had made me look foolish; she had ridiculed my tenderest hopes. I had pictured something quite different to this, and had seen myself, by her desire, suing for her hand at the feet of that old griffin, her aunt, in the cathedral close.

"Now don't be so silly any more, Mr. Westwood, and I will promise never to mention what has occurred. It is too absurd, you know."

"Well, perhaps it is," I said, without understanding her, but with an intense sense of being absurdly foolish.

"There," she said, passing from the subject with the supremest indifference, "please to look at that, and tell me if you think I shall ever paint, and will you teach me? I have asked aunt, and she is willing to fit me up a studio of my own."

From beneath her cloak she produced a bit of oil color—a pool reflecting the drooping branches of a beech-tree. It was an autumn sketch, full of rough unstudied effects of light and shade that for the moment astonished me mightily. There was evidence of the amateur; but the vigor, the depth of tone of the unstudied touches were almost startling.

"This is yours?" I said, coldly.

"Yes," she said, bending her head, and looking confused.

"It is very clever; you will paint," I said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Westwood," she said, looking up with great earnestness. "I was afraid you would laugh at it; aunt called it a red and yellow daub."

Here is her secret, then, I thought. Her genius has made itself manifest to her: she is under its persistent influence.

"I would give the world to paint. I *will* succeed, and you must help me."

I did help her, during many a happy, happy hour, in that studio overlooking the river, and in the dear old Greta woods, and on the grand Teesdale moors. That bit beneath Tito by the fireplace is a study she made under my eyes in the bed of the Tees. Notice the rock down beneath the water, the liquid-amber stream, which Sir Walter Scott sung about. Something like color, that.

In less than twelve months she painted far better than her tutor, who before half that time had passed was her slave in everything. I have sat and watched her and loved her like a young fellow can love, and she knew it. But if ever there was the faintest attempt at pointed homage on my part, she would pooh-pooh the whole thing with an indifference to my feelings which often struck me as heartless in the extreme. Sometimes I went home half mad with rage and wounded pride, and determined to leave the place forever; but morning brought hope, and longing to see Edith, longing to be at her side, to hear her speak, ay, if only to wince at her cynical laugh, and her oft-repeated saying, that "love was the greatest nonsense she had ever heard of,—painting the grandest of the arts."

I never could comprehend her. By degrees I came to think of her in the light of a sort of intellectual Undine, before the human soul tempered the waywardness of the fairy. She seemed to possess everything that makes woman lovely and lovable, but the one thing above all others most essential,—a woman's heart.

One morning I received a note from her aunt, in which I was informed that the lessons must cease, as Miss Viner was going to leave the northern city.

I hurried to the house, and met on the door-step a big, mustached, dark fellow. I asked for Miss Viner, as usual. She came running down stairs; and at her call of "Edward! Edward, dear!" the gentleman turned round and followed her into the drawing-room.

"Come in, Mr. Westwood; pray come in," she said. "Let me introduce you to Captain Howard, of the Bombay Artillery. Mr. Westwood,—Captain Howard."

We bowed stiffly to each other, and I looked for an explanation.

"I see you are puzzled, Mr. Westwood. To-morrow Captain Howard is to be my husband, and we leave here *en route* for India the next day."

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings; I fear they were made very apparent at the time. Anger and contempt had, surely, some share in the expression of my poor stupid face on that occasion; but I could only see cool indifference on Edith's.

I turned to go away, but Miss Viner prevented me.

"Here," she said, "is a little present before I go. I hope you will treasure it,—my palette. I shall never paint again."

There was something peculiarly sad in the tone of voice in which she said, "I shall never paint again."

The next day she had left the old city with her husband. How I wished myself a boy again, painting puppets in that little back room in the western city! I have painted many a one since, for that matter.

By the way, I have lately learnt that when Miss Jinks died, the Chalkses purchased the "Gallery of Arts," and combined the two establishments. How little we know who will step into our shoes when we are gone! Perhaps our greatest enemy may quietly seat himself in our own chair in the favorite fireside corner. Thank Heaven! science cannot penetrate the future. We look upon the tangled weft as we spin it; but we know nothing of the liner, and curves, and broken threads to come.

III.—EVENING.

A jilted old bachelor, am I? Well, if you like, that is my character. And I am silly enough to hang on to the garment of memory, and make a fool of myself over an old palette that belonged to a school-girl.

I often wondered if she saw the notices of my works in the papers. Of course she did. They got all the journals at Bombay. Hard work is a good thing when you are in trouble. Some fellows labor away on claret; some work, as they say, on beer only; some on a dry pipe. I worked on a dry, heart-breaking sorrow. I had filled my very soul with one face; and, all at once, the image was not only gone forever, but I had discovered its utter worthlessness.

Edith was to me a narrow, selfish, heartless woman; a siren, who had tempted me to wreck and ruin. My soul had yearned to her, not only in love, but in admiration. She was a genius, born with a specialty for art. She was the sublime thing which seemed all at once to spring up out of a ridiculous past. All my vague romantic passions encircled her, and I loved her like,—well, like an artist who is young and poor will love.

And I could not help treasuring that palette for the sake of our happy days, and in memory of that one sad look which came into her eyes and voice at parting. Did she really regret her choice? Could she have been unduly influenced? Had she any choice in the matter?

Many a long year afterwards, when I had made my mark, and got beyond Tandy, the dealer (perhaps you remember his place behind the Haymarket?) a young lady called upon me. There was a dark old Indian woman with her, who courtsied very low.

"Mr. Westwood, I believe," said the young lady, a fine full-grown woman of about twenty, and dressed in deep mourning.

"Yes," I said, offering a seat.

"My name is Howard," she said. "I have recently arrived from Bombay."

I felt my heart beating strangely, and the blood rushing into my stupid old face. I could see the likeness of Edith; it was particularly noticeable in the full gray eyes.

"My mother said I was to tell you—"

"Is she still living?" I ventured to ask, for the suspense was awful.

The girl shook her head, and the tears came into her eyes as she said, "I am an orphan."

Something brought the little palette to my mind, and its poor faded patches of color, and I think there were tears in my own eyes too.

"I was to give you this packet, and tell you that I was christened Edith Westwood."

"God bless you!" I exclaimed; and she came and nestled in the trembling old arms which I stretched towards her.

She knew the story of my life.

Edith Viner had really loved the poor painter. (How all the sunshine of the northern city came back to me in a moment!) But she had been engaged to Captain Howard before she saw me,—engaged almost from childhood, and their hands had been joined at her father's bedside when he lay dying.

She had steeled her heart to her fate; but whilst she was free my society had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. At last she strove to make me hate her; and that morning's encounter when last I saw her was to give the final blow to my liking. She nearly broke her own heart in dealing it, but the die was cast.

True to her last words, she had never painted again. Alas! she, too, had known no happiness. Her husband, I gleaned afterwards, in quiet interviews with the daughter, was a gay, selfish fellow, who met with a dishonorable death.

So our two lives were blighted; and now you

understand what a big sorrow it was which I had been doing battle with by hard work. And if you like to call me a jilted old bachelor, you may; but I still cling to that *petit* palette and the memories that surround it.

In the hands of Fate we are all as much puppets as were those absurd wax figures in the hands of Miss Jinks, whose idols fell into the possession of her deadliest foes.

Edith Westwood Howard was my ward, bless her heart! And she appeard like an angel at my fireside for a few short months. She is Mrs. Lloyd Craven now, and a mother too; and her children call me great grandpa in fun, laugh at my wheel-chair, and call it great-grandpa's little perambulator.

Have not the ridiculous and the sublime been strangely mixed up in my life? Last night I dreamt I was one of the Tick Street puppets, very white and very cold, with an old palette by my side, with faded spots of yellow, and red, and brown upon it. And when I awoke I was sitting in my perambulator, as the children call it, with several people round me; and somebody said, "He is a very old man," and another said, "Ah, he'll never paint any more."

And then I was in the northern city again, where *she* said she would never paint again. It seemed as if memory was kind to me, and I got up and went to my room, and asked for her palette; and there I sit in the evenings, and smoke and chat with Lloyd Craven, who is at the top of the tree, they say. He is engaged upon a great picture now, called "Evening." There is a bit of shingle river in it, an old man, a gray cathedral tower among some trees, and the sun is setting in the west. It is pleasant to talk to Craven about the twilight and the evening, and I want him to paint an unused palette by the side of the old man, and an easel with a half-finished picture upon it: then Edith, his wife, peeps in and laughs at us, and we nod at her and go on smoking; and so the evening passes, and the long, dark night comes on.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folks sit in the sun,
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are falling
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay, young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm!

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angels had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

☞ A vender of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars. "Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for it in that case," said the peddler, "for that is sound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and vamosed.

☞ Spelling badly is defined by Punch, as A, B, C, D-bility.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XLI.

BEHIND THE WOOD-PILE.

It was dark at last. The grinding din and hollow roar of the London traffic had grown feeble and intermittent, as becomes these times of early closing, and the stars shone white on the surface of the muddy river. The flood-tide was rushing up, making the barges moored beside the wharfs rasp and grate the chains and ropes that secured them, and swirling with a deep wash and splash around the causeways and weed-incrusted piles. The sound of the rising tide was very distinct in Mr. Marsh's ears as he went down the steep and narrow street to keep his appointment. The surgeon was in a good-humor with himself and with the world. He hummed a tune as he walked slowly down from Grupp's to the wood-piles beside the coffer-dam. Twice he turned, as if to assure himself that no one was dogging his heels; satisfied, he then went on.

"Are you here, Mrs. Fletcher?" said Mr. Marsh, drumming with his boot-heel on the pavement. But there was no answer. He was close beneath the shadow of the wood-piles now, with gaping hollows in the freshly-dug earth, and heaps of clay, and wheel-barrows linked together, in scores, by rusty chains, and hoardings of dusty plank, and stacks of ladders, near him. Beyond, the black barges were riding at their moorings, thumping, now and again, with a low heavy sound, like the faint beating of a big drum, against the wood-work of the landing-stage; and nothing answered him except the ripple and rush of the river.

There was something almost sublime in the sombre monotony of the scene. The Thames, above London Bridge, lay quiet and ink-black, sable as some infernal stream slow-moving in Hades, with dim legions of spectres hovering along its melancholy shore. All the port bustle and noise of the day had ceased. Not an oar dipped in the sullen waters, not a paddle-wheel churned them into foam, not a red-sailed lighter crawled up-stream. The white stars, the yellow gas-lamps winking on the bridges, and the dim lights in the windows of the houses on the Surrey side, merely made the river look the more desolate, and sad, and darkling.

Mr. Marsh was not a poet. "Confounded cut-throat den of a place!" he muttered, shivering, as if the night-air from the river chilled him to the marrow. "I hate the look of it. It's just the place to be murdered in.—Who laughed?"

For Mr. Marsh had really fancied that he heard a low malignant chuckle answer to his words, close at hand. But he peered among the timber, and listened again, and decided that he had been mistaken. Repeatedly did the surgeon draw forth his box of cigar-lights, kindle a match, and consult his watch, each time more impatiently than before. "Hang her! the jade has changed her mind.—No, here she comes," he grumbled between his teeth, as he caught sight of the coming figure. In a moment more, Loys joined him.

"Is it you, doctor?" she asked, halting a pace beyond the line of darker shadow that the great pile of timber threw upon the broken pavement and discolored earth. "I could not come earlier. You have waited, no doubt. We shall talk better here, and with less chance of attracting notice," Loys added, leading the way to the narrow ledge that intervened between the mountain of heaped-up timber and the grimy wood-work of the wharf, beneath which the tide hissed and bubbled.

"You are not afraid to be alone with me?" said the Shelton doctor jocosely.

"Afraid!" the girl answered scornfully: "I can take care of myself." And Mr. Marsh, whose eyes had become comparatively accustomed to the darkness, could see that Loys had one hand hidden beneath the folds of her shawl, as before. He could guess the reason, and had no doubt of her ability to be her own protectress.

"Hark you, Mrs. Fletcher," he said earnestly, "I want you and I to be friends and partners, not enemies. We've both of us something to get, and both of us something to fear."

"I don't fear him!" broke out Loys, flaming up in sudden anger, as an excited woman will; "it is for him to fear me now.—How dare you say I fear him!"

"Well, well, I won't say it," returned Mr. Marsh smoothly. "No offence, I assure you, was intended. Let us put it in better language—say there is a person whom we both have cause to dislike—"

"To hate!" the girl said, fiercely interrupting him. "I hate him! The very name of John Carnac is loathsome to me.—Stop! Did you hear nothing—a footstep?"

They both listened intently. Nothing was to be heard but the far-off stir of mighty London, and nearer, the wash and moan of the tide, running strongly.

Mr. Marsh was the first to renew the conversation. "Now, Mrs. Fletcher," he said, "I want us to see our way clearly. We know but little of each other, certainly—"

"I know nothing of you," flashed out Loys in her old impetuous way, "except that you are a doctor—that you were assistant to Dr. Dennis, who was too honest a gentleman to be trusted with a knowledge of the devil's work that fair-faced fiend had on foot at the abbey—and that you were paid, no doubt, for your share in the wickedness that was done."

"Meaning that affair of the succession—yes, but I was not paid," Mr. Marsh returned with grim coolness; "not paid according to my deserts, I mean. A few hundreds I did get—but what was that?—a mere drop in the ocean, a mere fraction of the riches that John Carnac got by the brat's death!"

"You wretch, be silent!" cried Loys excitedly, and she shuddered from head to foot. Whether women are, or are not, better than men, at least a woman must be very much debased before she can speak of a crime as stolidly as some men can and do. The silence that succeeded was long and awkward.

"Look you, my good lady," said Mr. Marsh at last, in a dry, resolute way; "you and I must come to some understanding. You can be useful to me—very useful. You were the boy's nurse. The last time I saw him, living, the last time, as I have heard, that any human eye saw him, living, he was in your care. Take your choice between standing in the witness-box and standing in the dock. From what you said to-day, I suspect your husband has some chance of standing behind the spikes and sweet herbs too."

"You threaten, do you?" returned Loys, in a voice that boded no good, and as she spoke she drew nearer.

"Not if you won't be a fool," answered Stephen Marsh, with a composure that did credit to his nerves; "and you won't. Sticking that stupid bit of steel under my ribs, even if you were sure to kill, which you're not, you know, would merely benefit the enemy of both of us. I tell you this: you couldn't render Lord Ulswater a greater service than by murdering me."

As the surgeon said these last words, something stirred close by among the planks and beams, but he was too intent upon the effect that his words produced to hear or heed it.

"I have no cause to wish him well," said Loys bitterly. She was standing within arm's-length of the doctor now, but the momentary impulse of hostility had passed away, and the stars shone down on her upturned face as she glanced thoughtfully up at the sky.

"No, you have not," rejoined Mr. Marsh, with ever so little of a sneer.

She started, as if an adder had stung her. "What do you mean?" she asked defiantly. "You know nothing of me."

"I can make a shrewd guess, though, at your previous history, Mrs. F.," said the doctor boldly. "I saw in your eyes at St. Pagans there, that you had no great liking for our noble friend, my Lord that is now; but you were his slave, bound to do his bidding in that matter of little Guy, the heir. And I suspect you did not always hate John Carnac, eh?"

"No. To my sorrow!" Loys made answer in a tone that struck sadly on his ear, callous and selfish as he was, like the distant tolling of a death-bell. "Better for him, and better, ah, how much better for me, had I never set eyes on his treacherous, smiling face—never hearkened to the false words that from his lips seemed truer than truth. You have guessed right. I did not always hate John Carnac. There was a time, doctor, when I loved him better than my life."

Stephen Marsh, M.R.C.S., grinned furtively, rather in compliment to his own sagacity than as deriding the species of confession which his innuendo had provoked. He was close to the timber, in the deepest of the shadow, while the girl stood a little nearer to the wharf, clear of the wood-pile, and with the faint starlight full upon her uplifted face. His vision was well used to the night by this time, and he could see how pale, and dark, and handsome that face was, with the strongly marked arch of the eyebrows, the pure oval of the forehead, and the slumbering fierceness of the well-shaped mouth—scarlet-lipped and dainty to look upon, but very firm and resolute. Mr. Marsh had not much trouble in filling up the details of a little history—alas! too common—which should explain the connection between his noble employer and the beautiful young woman who had watched beside the sick-bed of the child that had died, so conveniently for the temporal interests of the Honorable John. "Carnac looks just the fellow to turn a girl's head," thought Mr. Marsh.

"I was not wicked then," Loys Sark went on, in a tone of dreamy sadness, and rather as if thinking aloud than addressing the surgeon—"I did not live among bad folks. We scarcely knew, in that simply country place where I was born, what a den of ravening wolves this great London was. I wonder whether the old clergyman—our good vicar—would turn his head away now if he met her who was once little Loys—old Captain Fleming's daughter—that was the favorite pupil in the village school, and was held up as a model to the other girls—a fine model!" she laughed bitterly here—"a pattern to others, truly!" She ceased speaking for a little while, but the surgeon waited patiently, and she went on again. "My poor old father—I broke his heart, they say; but I loved him; only I loved that one, the tempter, more than all the world else—they called my father Captain along the sea-shore there, because he had been a merchant-skipper once, and sailed in a ship of his own, that was cast away on the Norway coast, uninsured. That loss made him poor; but we were respectable folks, sir, and respected by high and low. I was well brought up; but my mother died, and I had no one to stand between me and *him*, and to save me from myself. My poor father—he suspected nothing—the good-looking young gentleman-angler was always welcome at his poor house; and used to listen to sea-stories for hours, so patient and bright-eyed; and the old man never thought why he came. Ah! doctor, it was an ill day for me and mine that brought Mr. Carnac fishing, down our valley there in quiet Furness."

"Furness, eh? Your native place, then?" Mr. Marsh began thus, with unconcealed curiosity. But his question dissolved the spell that had hitherto made the proud, reserved young woman reveal so much. She seemed to awake as from a dream, and the glance that she cast towards him was one of suspicion.

"It signifies nothing, Dr. Marsh, whence I came. If I went back there, I should find nothing left of those who cared for me but their names on the white headstones in the old churchyard; and the very children in the street would hoot me and point at me. When I came away, it was forever. And I am a married woman now; and I have a husband that I love; and I would sooner be the wife of James Sark than of John Carnac, though the one be a thief, and the other calls himself a lord, though he's but Mr. Carnac still, if all had their due."

At another time, it is probable that Mr. Marsh would not have allowed this last remark to pass unchallenged. It is more than likely that so sudden an assertion that Lord Ulswater's coronet was not worn *de jure*, might have struck him as something more than the mere virulence of an angry woman. But his mind was busy with another of the incautious disclosures which impetuous Loys had made in her last speech. She had distinctly alluded to her husband by the name of James Sark. Now, Mr. Marsh remembered a good deal about James Sark, and for reasons which his own lips will best explain.

"If your husband is, as I suppose, the James Sark who was tried and transported"——he began, and again Loys cut short the sentence.

"Why, then, you'll betray him, unless I obey you—is that your meaning, sir?" and she drew a step nearer to him, so that her eyes looked into his, with a gleam that he did not like. He thought of the dagger that she carried. True, he was a man, and of necessity stronger than she could be; but even a scuffle and a flesh-wound were not to be risked, entailing as they did the overthrow of his schemes.

"Not a bit of it," he said, sturdily; "on the contrary, I can prove to you that in helping me against my Lord, you help to topple down the enemy to whom your husband owes his conviction and his banishment. I'll prove it. I've got a letter—it came into my hands by the queerest accident—that clearly shows that Mr. Moss the lawyer, the attorney who conducted the defence, to have been bribed to get his client found guilty."

"A letter from?—Lord Ulswater?" said Loys eagerly, and with a quick gasping, as if for breath: "or are you cheating me?"

But Mr. Marsh, it appeared, was quite in earnest. He proceeded to detail with perfect coherence all the circumstances under which that letter came into his possession. According to his story, Lord Ulswater—then merely his brother's heir-presumptive, in consequence of the death of the infant son of the late lord—had written to Mr. Marsh, in answer to some application for money. But by one of those mistakes to which even the wariest are sometimes liable, the envelope addressed to the Shelton surgeon contained, not merely the short note of six lines in which Mr. Carnac informed him that a certain sum was lodged in bank to his credit, but also a letter, which ought, properly speaking, to have been sent to Mr. Moss of the Old Jewry. This document very plainly elucidated the real nature of Mr. Carnac's interest in the prisoner, whose defence Mr. Moss was, at his expense to conduct, and distinctly pointed out the best method of securing a conviction. Mr. Marsh had retained this letter in his possession, with a vague hope that it might one day be useful in "putting the screw" on his noble patron, who already appeared to be growing less liberal than was agreeable to the needy instrument of his will; and Lord Ulswater, whose correspondence was extensive, had never made any inquiry as to the missent epistle, and most probably was unaware to whom he had in error addressed it.

Mr. Marsh had kept the letter, but to him it had hitherto been as useless as a secret door of which the spring is unknown. He had no clue to the identity of the burglar Sark, of whom he read in the newspapers, with the husband of that Mrs. Fletcher, the handsome nurse, whom the late Lord had hired, at his brother's recommendation, as an attendant on little Guy Carnac, who should have been Lord Ulswater. He only knew that he had in this letter a weapon that one day might be employed with effect, if ever he should learn how to use it; and now he had found out how to make it pierce the enemy's armor.

"I've got the letter with me in my bag at Grupp's," he said; "that, and every scrap of writing of my Lord's that I ever clapped my eyes upon. Nothing in any of them, though, except that one—cunning dog! You shall see it yourself."

Loys drew her breath with effort as she replied: "Meet me here, then, to-morrow night, at the same hour. I will bring Jem with me; and I will tell him—tell him all—he only knows it in part, dear fellow; and I know he will forgive—he forgave me long ago, and was too generous to listen to my history when I offered to tell him everything, before I married him. Yes, Jem shall come; and if the letter be all you say, and if that fresh proof of John Carnac's black treachery be added to all the rest"—— She stopped, with a gasp, as if she had been running hard, and stood motionless.

"What then?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"I will not spare him!" she whispered hoarsely, "I *have* spared him, but I will not spare him now. I must go. I have so much to say to Jem, and I must prepare him first. Good-night, doctor. This time to-morrow." And she left him gliding away, ghost-like into the darkness.

Mr. Marsh stayed to smoke a cigar. The tobacco soothed his ruffled nerves, shaken by excitement, for he was jubilant at his success. Presently he flung the stump of the cigar away into the water, and turned to go. "A good night's work!" he said to himself, approvingly, more than once, during his walk to Grupp's—"a good night's work, indeed!"

At about the moment of his entering that outlying post or fortress of Derbyshire, with its midland garrison and commissariat, a strong man, who had heard every syllable of the foregoing conversation, emerged from his hiding-place behind a row of gigantic beams, so heavy as to be thief proof, which stood in front of the planking that formed the bulk of the wood pile. This man wore a red handkerchief twisted loosely around his brawny throat, and was dressed in greasy fustian, and wore a brown cap. He took a keen survey of the deserted street before he trusted himself within it, and then, secure that no policeman was visible, went slouchingly upon his way.

The wood-pile had not yet given up all its secrets. A full minute, or more, after the last echoes of Bandigo Bill's weighty foot'all had died away, a rustling and stir became faintly audible, proceeding from a great heap of chips, and splintered wood, and shavings, relics of the week's work of sundry carpenters laboring on the coffer-dam, and which, as being behind the chain of linked wheel-barrows, had been left, even in London, to be swept up and removed upon the Saturday. The noise was just such as a rat from the adjacent wharf might have produced. It was not a rat's sharp muzzle, however, that came peering over the rampart of barrows, but the gray-whiskered, rat-like face of a lean old man, an old fellow in a brown great-coat, hot as was the weather. It was the face, and it was the coat, of the old man who had hung about the corner of Cecil Street on that very afternoon; and coat, and face, and frosty whiskers were those of Professor Brum.

He was in no hurry. He waited a minute, and yet a minute, gazing up the dusky ravine of the sloping street, with its yellow lamps twinkling at intervals, and throwing little pools of light upon the coal-blackened pavement, gazing as if his bleared eyes had been gimlets piercing some tangible impediment. Then he squeezed his lank body through a narrow aperture between the chain of barrows, piled threefold, and the hoarding of discolored boards, to some of which were still sticking red, blue, and white fragments of tattered paper, portions of old announcements of bygone plays, sales, and sights. He did not venture into the street, even then, but crawled along the wharfs, sidling and keeping close to wall and paling; and as he made his crablike way eastward, he mumbled out a sort of querulous soliloquy. "On'y a word here and a word there," he muttered. "I'm getting plaguy deaf; and the cold wind from the river ain't the best of cures for the lumbago, it ain't. But I can hear as much as most men of my time o' life, and when I don't hear, I can guess. Let's see: Dandy Jem, and that handsome wife of his, and the cove in black, yer. But my nephew Bill—for I'd swear to him anywhere—why should *he* put his finger in the pie? Ugh!" And then he turned towards Fleet Street, and was lost in the crowd.

CHAPTER XLII.

RUTH'S DREAM.

"You will go, dear? O yes, I know you will. You could not refuse what she asks, now, poor thing! If she had cared to see *me*, I would have gone to her at once, though the meeting would have been very painful and very sad. All this—think me foolish if you will, John—seems to me so terribly as if it were my fault, my doing. But you will go at once to poor Ruth, won't you?"

The telegram was lying on the table. It had arrived at St. Pagans in Lord Ulswater's absence, and a mounted groom had galloped over to Shelton Manor with the dispatch. Lord Ulswater had opened it in Flora's presence, and some exclamation which he could not repress, however sincerely he might regret it the instant after, had told Miss Hastings enough of its purport to render it necessary that she should know more. He was in a manner compelled to give the ominous missive into her hands, and to let her ascertain for herself the worst of the tidings. The message was from a London doctor of great eminence, and he spoke in the name of another physician more famous even than he, with whom he had been in consultation. Briefly the case stood thus—Ruth Morgan was dying.

It was an evil hour for the poor invalid girl, whose frail life was as a thread that rough handling would snap, when she was shut up in the same house with her brother, nettled, stung, spurred by the pain and shame of his discomfiture, and ready, as is the nature of hurt men as of hurt brutes, to turn his fury upon the first incautious intruder. And, besides this promiscuous ferocity, the rejected suitor had a peculiar grievance to allege against his innocent sister—he chose to consider her as a sort of duenna, responsible for the good conduct of Flora Hastings; and he felt towards her very much as if she had slept at her post, being a sentinel on whose vigilance all depended.

Nobody, in theory, can fathom the wonderful amount of injustice of which men and women are capable. The old fable of the wolf and the lamb renews itself a thousand, thousand times. There are wolves in fustian, and wolves in fine broad-cloth; he-wolves and she-wolves; wolves in crinoline, and wolves in white neck-clothes; lupine visages grinning out from fashionable bonnets, or staring from beneath hats of broadest brim, glaring threats and reproaches at bleating, helpless lambs, charged with impossible muddying of brooks at which the wolf slaked his or her thirst.

There had been a dreadful scene, one of a series of dreadful scenes, between brother and sister. Morgan was half mad. The injection that succeeded the scandal and struggle at Shelton had given time for the iron thoroughly to enter into his soul. Had he and his supplanter been French, a challenge, a duel with swords, and a smart flesh wound, would have given him an excellent means of escape from the Black Care that stood perched behind his carriage and behind his chair. To be ill, and weak, and to go through a slow convalescence, would have cooled the raging fever within him. Violent and prolonged exercise would have done the same. Had he had the sense to set off, carrying his own knapsack, on a Swiss pedestrian tour, clambering up such Alpine heights as his strength could compass, and going to bed every night dead-tired, he might have left the remembrance of Flora Hastings behind him like a dim dream.

But cooped in London, ashamed to go to his club, lest some acquaintance passing through town should jeer at him in his sleeve, or greet him with silent condolence in his face, humiliated before his own servants, there was but one safety-valve for the man's ill temper. He quarrelled fiercely with Ruth, saying words that stabbed that poor little heart more cruelly than a knife could have done. At last, he could bear London no longer; he bade his man, once body-servant to the gallant Lord Lovelock, pack his trunks, and follow him to Dover, or to Paris, if he should not find his master at Dover. Fortunatus Morgan was going to Egypt, and far up the Nile, to the N'yanza, and the feeders of Nile, and the infernal regions, for aught he cared—so he roughly told his sister, and as roughly he rejected her piteous offer to go along with him. He had had enough of her company, he said, and enough of her friendship, and knew the worth of her now.

Dr. Pilkington told this story, or rather, he furnished an abridgement for Lord Ulswater's information. There had been painful interviews, he said, and sad misunderstandings, between his patient and her irritable brother. The worst of these had been the last; and Morgan had left the house abruptly, and had quitted London for the Continent, and so to Marseilles and Egypt. His sister, the doctor said, had been found on the floor in a fainting state, hours afterwards. She had fallen into a swoon after a swoon—due, no doubt, to the unhappy agitation that she had experienced. A blood-vessel had been broken, in or near the lungs, so far as Lord Ulswater could gather from the condensed account of the disaster, and not merely Dr. Pilkington, but the great Sir Joseph, had given up the case as hopeless. The poor girl expressed a very urgent desire to see Lord Ulswater before she died: she could not go, she said without seeing him.

Such was the poor girl's message, as the physician gave it, with a statement of facts which rendered the telegram a very long one. As Lord Ulswater and Flora Hastings read the words, boldly pencilled by the clerk in a large Roman handwriting, their feelings differed widely. Flora's conscience smote her. It was her impulsive act, she knew, which had set poor Ruth at variance with her brother; and her regret for her own share in bringing about the catastrophe, blending with her natural softness of heart made her urgent that her lover should go. And Lord Ulswater went.

It was with undisguised reluctance that the noble master of St. Pagans obeyed the summons that seemed so imperative to Miss Hastings. He looked forward with a singular dislike to the interview. All his life long, he had, as a matter of instinct rather than of principle, avoided disagreeable scenes. To witness sufferings, was always unpleasant to him, though he would cause suffering without scruple, when it was needful to his schemes. There are natures so coarse and savage that the sight of something in pain—an insect writhing at the foot of the candle that has scorched its wings—an animal wincing under blows—a child shrinking back from the cruel hand that strikes it, unresisting—is to them an amusement, a drama that they can thoroughly understand and appreciate. Lord Ulswater was not of this ignoble brotherhood.

"What does she want? Why send for me?" Thus ran his thoughts as he was driven rapidly from the London terminus towards Morgan's house. "She always detested me. I know that very well. Poor thing, I owed her no ill-will for that. Personally, I rather liked her, but she thwarted me, for all that. Ah! we must be near the house now. And indeed the swift wheels of the Hansom were now running silently

over a thick bed of straw that strewed the white Belgravian square for half its length. It was on Ruth's account that the straw lay there. Immediately after the sound of the wheels upon the roadway had been exchanged for silence, the cab stopped at the door of a large house, more pretentious and roomy than its fellows, which are nevertheless among the best appointed of London mansions. There was a brougham in waiting at the door—a doctor's brougham, plainly.

The muffled knocker gave forth but a dull, dead sound; but the hall-porter was wakeful, and the visitor expected, and Lord Ulswater was admitted at once. How was Miss Morgan now? he asked as he entered the hall, where two footmen in the gorgeous Morgan livery, with the new Morgan crest glittering golden on their coat buttons, appeared like superb tropical birds from amongst the pillars. The hall porter, short, corpulent, and ungainly, a sort of human snail in fine apparel, with the privilege of not absolutely adhering to his beehive chair of office, shook his head.

"Very bad, my lord. Sir Joseph and Dr. Pilkington both up stairs—no, they are just coming down."

Very grave was Dr. Pilkington's face as he walked down the wide stairs, following Sir Joseph. The titled physician's countenance was decorously composed, but less solemn than that of his medical brother. Sir Joseph had acted so long as Lord Chamberlain to the King of Terrors, and politely escorted so many distinguished patients to the shores of Styx, that Death and he were on terms of diplomatic courtesy. He did not know Lord Ulswater, but Dr. Pilkington did; and there was an introduction, and a few words were spoken respecting the sufferer.

"Quite sensible, quite so, but very weak—entirely hopeless; sinking painlessly; and not likely to live out the day, I am afraid," said Sir Joseph. "I shall hardly be able to call again, but Dr. Pilkington has been good enough to arrange to do so, towards evening. *Good*-morning, my lord. Happy to have made your acquaintance—regret the melancholy occasion. *Good* bye!" And Sir Joseph got into his brougham, and was whisked off to feel the pulses of valetudinarian dowagers lingering in London, because more than two months of watering place rents tasked a jointure severely; while Dr. Pilkington, who lived in a street a stone's-throw distant, went home on foot.

"We thought the poor thing might have her way. We remonstrated, but the agitation of the debate was worse than anything. I need not ask you, my lord, to avoid irritating topics as much as possible," the junior physician had said.

The housekeeper, with a face of portentous length, came to conduct Lord Ulswater to the sick girl's room. She, the housekeeper, had an odd look of being injured, and so had the porter and the giants in plush, and the maids who hovered like stormy petrels on the landing-places above. Evidently, discipline was relaxed. Fortunatus Morgan had bought the big house, and furnished it at huge cost, and manned and womanned it with prize footmen and prize maids, in anticipation of his bringing home Flora Hastings to be its mistress; and now he was away, *in partibus infidelium*, for years to come perhaps, and Ruth was dying, and the household would be obliged to wear black, and as likely as not the grand house would be shut up, and the servants discharged. Hence there was discontent in Belgravian mansion, from the house-steward's room to the scullery.

In the darkened room, with the curtains of the bed partly undrawn, lay Ruth Morgan, propped up with pillows that were little whiter than the wan face that lay so quietly upon them. She stirred at the sound of Lord Ulswater's entrance into that hushed chamber, and her eyes, always bright and large, now brighter and large than ever, met his.

"It was kind of you to come," she said, in her thin voice, and then glanced round at the nurse sitting in the arm-chair. "Please, go away," she said. "Wait in the room beyond, while I speak to Lord Ulswater. He will call you if I am ill."

Reluctantly, the woman obeyed.

"You must not agitate yourself," said Lord Ulswater gently, going up to the bedside as the weak hand beckoned him to approach; "you are not strong enough for much conversation now."

She looked strangely at him with her haunting eyes, in which there was a light that seemed not of earth, a light from far off, as if it were a spirit that looked upon him.

"Do you talk platitudes?" she asked, calmly, but in a voice as feeble as the piping of the wind among the reeds of a river. He would have spoken, but she signed to him to be still. "Yes," she said, slowly, "that is the way in which the healthy cheat the dying. We must not speak of our hopes and our fears; we must not tell our thoughts, or reveal the doubt that is gnawing at our hearts, as we drift away from the world of the living. We must wait to be well again. To-morrow, my voice will be hushed, and my ears deaf, and my eyes sightless. To-morrow, I shall be dumb and dead. I see by your face that you know it almost as well as I."

He stood gloomily silent, looking down upon her. A wonderful contrast was that between the poor crooked girl, with the face of an angel, lying on her death-bed, and painfully gathering her breath ere she could speak again, and Lord Ulswater, gifted with the strength and beauty of a demigod, bending down his stately head to catch the words that those pale lips could hardly utter.

"You know what has happened—my brother I mean," she said, feebly; and he made a sign that he understood her.

"I assure you that I very much regret—" he began, but her mournful eyes froze him into silence.

"Do not take the trouble to speak comp'iments to me!" said the weak little voice. "I know how sincere are your regrets. I did not send for you to hear polite words that mean nothing but emptiness." There was a silence, and then Ruth Morgan spoke again. "You are going to marry Flora: have you the right to do so?" She looked searchingly in his face, while thus speaking, with her unnaturally bright eyes.

"How the right?" he said wonderingly.

"Is there nothing on your soul, nothing on your conscience, that should forbid you to stand at the altar by innocent Flora's side?" the invalid asked, with an eagerness that was almost fierce—"no crime, no shame? Tell me." Her wasted fingers closed on his wrist as he bent over the bed.

"I think you mistake me," he said, faltering a little. "Men are not so good as women; I know that very well. But I do not see that I am worse than my neighbors."

She looked wistfully up at him.

"You quibble with me and trick me wilfully," she said. "I ask you, for Flora's sake, whom I have freely forgiven, though it is through her act that I lie here and die, alone among strangers, with my brother's words of hate ringing in my ears—I ask you, have you the right to make that poor girl your wife? Are you not married already?"

He drew a long breath of relief. He had been singularly moved during this last speech of poor Ruth's, and his features, commonly so calm, had betrayed his agitation.

"No," he answered; "on my soul, I am not! Your suspicions have wronged me."

Her eyes never left his face for an instant.

"I may have wronged you in that," she said; "you have enough to answer for without that. You were the Monk!"

"How? what do you mean?" he asked, starting as if he had received a blow.

"You know my meaning all too well," Ruth answered in her hollow gasping voice. "For your own wicked ends, you profited by the superstition of others. It was no shadowy apparition that haunted the ancient abbey when your brother and your nephew made way so conveniently for your ownership of all."

"Some one has been maligning me very much, I perceive," said Lord Ulswater, whose fair face was fast growing white, and hard like marble. The dying girl's weak grasp upon his arm seemed to tighten, as if she feared he would tear himself away.

"You mistake," she said; "I alone guessed the truth. Kind Lady Harriet, herself unconscious of what she did, gave me a clue, and your own deeds, and words, and your own face, confirmed conjecture into certainty. No one can wear a visor always, not even you. The spectral form that your brother saw, and which his morbid mind accepted as a token of approaching woe, the cowled shadow that was visible on the night of the child-heir's sudden death, was—"

"I cannot bear this," broke out Lord Ulswater, with abrupt anger: "these are mere ravings;" and he tore his hand away from the grasp of the wasted fingers as he would have torn it from a serpent's clammy coil.

"I am not your judge," said Ruth, feebly, but with a solemn emphasis that brought him back, attentive, to the bedside. "Ask your own evil heart if you should marry guiltless Flora Hastings. It is her I seek to save. Not for my brother's sake," she added, eagerly; "between those two all is over. I wish to save her from you—that is all."

"You are very complimentary," sneered Lord Ulswater, stung to sudden rage, and with eyes that darkened to blackness. "I tell you that I will marry her—and would, were the Fiend himself to forbid the bans."

"They will be forbidden!" said Ruth, fearlessly, and with such entire conviction, that a sudden chill ran through the veins of the listener, as through those of one who follows a mountain-path by night, and stops short upon the dizzy verge of a precipice.

"Listen!" the invalid went on, in lower and more broken accents than before—"listen! I would warn you—I—it was a dream." Her panting breath failed her, and her slender fingers, white as wax, began to grasp uneasily at the bed-clothes. It was a bad sign, as Lord Ulswater knew.

"Let me call the nurse," he said; "you are too ill."

But she made a great effort, and spoke again:

"No, no. Let me tell you—I saw in my dream a woman, young, dark, beautiful with a fierce beauty, a woman who could hate as well as love—such a face as that of Jael slaying Sisera—she who was Guy Carnac's nurse, and your accomplice in the crime—"

"You never saw her!" cried Lord Ulswater, changing color, and forgetful of the dreadful confession implied in that rash speech.

But Ruth took no notice of what he said. Her voice was now so low that he had to stoop to catch the faint sounds. "How dark the room is! Night must be coming on, soon, sooner than I thought." Such were the broken words that reached his ear as he bent over her helpless form. Her head lay back upon the pillows; an awful grayness of hue, more ghastly than the white pallor of a few moments since, crept over the sufferer's face, and her bright eyes were clouded, as if an actual film, like that which overspreads the eyes of a dying bird, had been closing over them. She did not appear to have heard Lord Ulswater's last words. Her fingers twitched the bed-clothes with a convulsive quickness. "I cannot see your face. I feel your hand in mine, but it is very cold, like ice to the touch—or perhaps it is I who am cold," went on the poor weak voice, while the laboring breath came more painfully yet. "Let me tell you—of my dream—she, the dark-haired woman, and you were there—and there was blood everywhere around, on the walls, on the floor, always blood—and—" The speaker ceased to speak. A quick, sharp shiver ran through every limb of the helpless, passive form, the outline of which was vaguely to be distinguished beneath the bed-clothes. But Lord Ulswater gave no heed to this new sign that Azrael was upon the threshold of the chamber; in his impatience to hear more, he bowed his head and listened. No sound reached him but that of the feeble breathing.

"Whose was the blood? Did it flow from her veins or mine?" he asked, stern and eager in his selfishness. He was not a believer in dreams and omens, not a slave to his imagination, as some men are; but the superstition that lurks in some corner of all our hearts was suddenly aroused in his, and he was sincere in his passionate wish to hear all. His words were so loudly spoken that they reached the nurse in the room beyond, causing her to open the door, and peer anxiously in; they also reached the ears of the poor creature on the bed, ears that had begun to be deaf to earthly sounds.

"The blood, it rose and swelled into a torrent, angry red—it was a river of blood, and there were corpses floating on it," said Ruth, stretching out her hands as if to grope for some object which her failing eyes could not perceive; "and he, he tried to flee as it rolled in upon him—but the woman with the dark hair, all streamed and dabbled with gore—she clung to him, and dragged him down, beneath the red flood—and— Oh, it was terrible!" Another shudder, sharper than the last, and then the hands fell powerless on the bed-clothes, and the head sank back upon the pillow.

The nurse hurried forward.

"It's over, poor, dear young thing—the more shame on those that made her talk and fret that way!" exclaimed the woman, with an angry toss of her head at the importunate visitor.

"She has fainted!" Lord Ulswater said in a startled tone, recoiling a step.

"She's dead, poor lamb!" tartly rejoined the experienced nurse, as she closed the sightless eyes, and threw a handkerchief over the blanched face.

Lord Ulswater turned away. He had need of all his self possession to enable him to go calmly down stairs, to announce to the housekeeper, prowling to intercept him, that all was over, to give a fitting reply to the conventional exclamations of the servants, and to leave the house. The angel of death was there, and Ruth's wild warning had sunk deeper into his heart than he cared to own, even to himself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BROUGHT BACK TO GRUPP'S

"It's a sell. Depend upon it, Loys, my girl, the rascal of a doctor was merely gammoning you, and playing a double game, in my Lord's interest—" James Sark said, gloomily looking up from the little model, an improvement on the machinery in general use for quartz crushing purposes among the Australian gold-fields, on which his dexterous fingers were busy.

His wife did not allow him to conclude the sentence. "No, no, Jem—a thousand times no. The man was in bitter earnest. He is a sour, vain, discontented sort of a man—I remember him of old—and Mr. Carnac has nettled his pride somehow. Greedy as Mr. Marsh is for gain, I'm much mistaken if he would not rather lose some money than not play a spiteful trick to—There! I can't bear to speak his name so often."

There was a marked difference between these two as regarded their manner of alluding to the owner of St. Pagans, for whereas Loys the wife never uttered his name without a sparkle of anger kindling itself in her lustrous eyes, and a scarlet spot of wrathful color fluttering up into her dark-pale cheek, and a trembling in her rich voice that conveyed a threat, James the husband spoke of the common enemy with a philosophical indifference; and yet the returned transport had a reputation for a hot temper and a readiness to reward good with good, and harm with harm.

But James Sark, although he now knew a good deal of what Lord Ulswater had done and planned to his detriment, spoke of him with an easy indifference that contrasted oddly with the vindictiveness that expressed itself in his wife's looks and tones. Something of this jarred upon the woman's sensitive nature, for she suddenly exclaimed: "It seems to me, James, you don't half hate that man."

To which James, smiling good-humoredly this time, glanced up from the wheels and rollers of his model at her flushed face: "Well, not very much," he said genially. "I know he's a great scoundrel, but then there are such lots of scoundrels, big and little, about the world. I don't hate him more than any other chap who has done me an ill turn, for his own profit, you know, not out of malice."

Loys drummed an angry tune with her foot upon the floor. "To sell you, Jem—to betray you, like that, by the help of a rogue attorney, and get you transported, was that kind?"

Sark, very busy with his file upon a refractory crank, did not answer for a minute or so. Then he said, without looking up: "To tell the truth, lass, that news was a relief to me. It always went against me to plot, and scheme, and circumvent a gentleman that had done me a bit of a kindness, even for his own sake. Now I know Lawyer Moss and he were in league to trap me, why, we are quits, and something more."

"You forget, Jem, my, my shame—I was innocent before he tempted me, serpent that he is!" exclaimed Loys in a harsh, deep tone that had no music in it, and she fixed her dark eyes upon the floor.

Her husband quietly laid aside his tools, rose, and throwing his arm around her, drew her graceful head down upon his breast. "No one has a right to point a finger at you now, darling," he said, with a world of kindly and generous feeling in his good-humored voice and his bright smile, and the very action of the caressing hand that was passed softly over her glossy braids of black hair. "You are a good and a true wife to me, and the best thing you can do is to blot out all those dark memories of a past that you have done with for ever. No, even for that, I can't hate the man much, because, who knows, my dear, if you had had nothing to repent of, nothing to confess, if you would ever have consented to marry such a good-for-naught ne'er-do-well as myself—and to be the sunshine of his life."

There was a long interval of silence, and then Loys shyly lifted her dark eyes and glanced up in her husband's face, and reading there nothing but love and confidence, flung herself sobbing into his arms, and pressed her tear-stained cheek to his. "It's not sorrow now, dear," she cried, "but because I love you so much, my generous good Jem, and I wish—how I wish—" The wish was unspoken, but the tears rained down fast, and were understood. It did seem a pity, to watch those two young persons, so truly and fondly faithful to one another, between whom there never passed cutting words or looks of unkindness, such as tarnish Love's wreath, and dim Hymen's torch sadly, in many an honest household—it did seem a pity that theirs should be a warfare with the world and the world's law, a sinful past, a clouded future. In each there were the elements of much that was good, and even great. Both were by nature more inclined to virtue than to vice, but in both there had been a restless impatience of control that had wrought fearfully for evil. It may be permitted to imagine some Utopia in which James Sark and Loys Fleming, innocent and hopeful, should have met, and loved, and wedded, and led lives of honorable usefulness to themselves and to the world, and died with the affection, and respect, and esteem of rich and poor surrounding them to the last. But they had done amiss, and they found repentance difficult, and the track that should lead them back towards the Delectable Mountains was not seen as yet.

They sat, after this, talking more cheerfully for a while. They had many half-formed plans, but not one that would bear the test of examination. Both of them sincerely longed to eat honest bread, to earn an honest livelihood, and sin no more. The man had great talents and cleverness. Were he but honest, surely he might thrive, and James Sark felt that he had it in him to be honest, if the world would but give him a chance. To get that chance was the difficulty, for the world has been duped pretty often by sham penitents, and by penitents whose repentance was but skin-deep, and hence it has taken to receiving promises of future good-behavior with frowning unbelief. James Sark, though a young man yet, was an old offender, and the reformation of old offenders is a hard matter, as jail-chaplains and governors of model prisons are aware.

"America would be the best chance," said Dandy Jem at last—"the best chance. I could get employ at once in a Pennsylvania factory, as draughtsman or as engineer; or I might do well in New York or in Boston, and earn enough to live on; but I know Yankee Doodle pretty well, Loys, and I know that there's no country in which a bit of capital to start with is more useful to a man. Dollars grow dollars somehow, when the owner's neither a dunce nor a drunkard. If we had but that hundred pounds that you were so sure Lord Ulswater—"

"Don't, James, call him that. You know he's no lord, if justice were done," interrupted Loys, but less petulantly than before; "and as for Mr. Carnac's sending the money to Perth, you may be sure he did send it. What is a hundred pounds out of his ill-got thousands and thousands. The only question is, will Palmer Brothers send it on safe, according to your instructions?"

This delicate point was discussed for some time, and finally settled in the affirmative. Palmer Brothers belonged to that section of commercial firms that may be said to dwell in glass-houses, and which, to carry out the metaphor, cannot afford to indulge in perilous stone-throwing. Palmer Brothers had two sets of books and two trades, the more gainful and secret of which it was expedient to keep from the knowledge of the authorities; and James Sark could have told tales that Palmer Brothers would have kept untold at any reasonable cost; wherefore they were tolerably certain to prove discreet and immaculate custodians of Lord Ulswater's remittance. With that hundred pounds, when it should come back from its voyage to the antipodes, this pair of modern Ishmaelites could try their fortune in the New World. The newer world of Australia would have been better still for their purpose, but then there was that condemnation and unexpired term of penal servitude to bar the way. It was a risk. Jem might do well in Victoria, make money, be returned to the Legislative Assembly, and dine with Her Majesty's representative at Government House. Or, recognized by some untoward policeman, he might come too early under the notice of the colonial Attorney-General, and be sent back, in irons and a yellow jacket, to complete his sentence. America was safer. But a disturbing element in the calculation was the possible course of him whom Loys persisted in mentioning as John Carnac, and never as Lord Ulswater.

The notion that Mr. Marsh was merely an agent of Lord Ulswater's, and that his mission to London was in truth to discover Sark's hiding-place, and procure his arrest, had naturally suggested itself to the latter. One circumstance certainly went far towards confirming this hypothesis: Mr. Marsh had broken his pledge. The appointment to meet Loys and her husband behind the wood-piles at the river-side had not been kept. The husband and wife had gone to the rendezvous, and had waited there for hours and hours in vain. Nothing had been seen of the Shelton doctor. Had he been taken ill? Was he unavoidably prevented from coming to the place agreed upon? Or was he a spy, and his grudge against Lord Ulswater a mere feint? Jem opined to the latter conclusion. Not so, however, did Loys. Women are naturally, perhaps, more disposed to suspicion than men are, but in this case Loys held fast to her conviction, that the surgeon hated his former patron with a strong hate. She had heard him speak; she had seen the working of his features as he talked of Lord Ulswater; she was sure that he had not been acting a part, sure that he spoke sincerely. But it was very strange that he did not come to the wood-pile on the wharf, he who had been so eager to press matters on to a crisis. Why had he broken his word?

"We were late, you know, Jem—late by half an hour or more. He was always a touchy, fretful man. Perhaps he got out of temper, and went away," suggested Loys at last.

James Sark shook his head. "Men that are in earnest don't stickle at such trifles," he said: "I am afraid he means us no good, lassie. If one knew where he lodged, now"——

"But I do know," cried Loys, clapping her hands as a child might have done. "He said he should go back to——. I had it on my very tongue but a moment since, and now I can't remember it. Isn't it provoking?" and the bright smile on her lips died away.

"Try—try to recollect it," urged her husband.

But memory is a nymph whose nimble feet defy pursuit, as they dart amid the mazes of her own labyrinth. Nothing is more annoying than to feel how near is the lost fact, and yet to hunt for it in vain. Cudgel our tired brains as we will, we strive in vain. There stands poor Cassim—good Ali Baba's unworthy brother—at the iron door of the robbers' treasure cave, and he tears his turban, and beats his breast, and bawls out the names of millet, and dhurra, and rice, and all grains but sesame, and the cruel door will not open. Lo! there it stands, fixed as fate, and already steeds come trampling and neighing through the woods, and scimitars shine, and the gang come riding home to cut Cassim into quarters.

But when we give up the chase, and the bow of thought is unstrung, and we are slowly wending our way homewards, back comes the coy nymph, Memory, tripping to our side, a willing captive. Unbidden, the recollection came to Loys, about the time when the lamps were lighted, and the evening twilight had closed in.

"Grupp's!" she cried suddenly, springing up and clapping her hands as joyously as before—"Grupp's—that is the name. It comes back to me clearly now. Mr. Marsh mentioned that name and no other."

Reference to a yellow-bound copy of *Bradshaw* that lay in a corner of the room disclosed the further fact, as advertised by Grupp, that the private hotel and boarding-house of that name was situated in Arundel Street.

"Arundel Street is not a very great way off," said Dandy Jem good-humoredly, laying down his newspaper. "Put your bonnet on, Loys, and we'll go round there together and ask a quiet question or two."

Ten minutes later, the pair sallied out into the yellow lamp-light and the struggling gleam of the dying day. They were soon in Arundel Street.

Within twenty steps of Grupp's door, Loys suddenly stopped, and the hand that rested on her husband's sinewy arm trembled as she clung to him. "Jem!" she exclaimed, "I hear something—a noise of voices, and here come men hurrying. O, Jem, dear, it's not for myself I am frightened, but you, dear"——. She stood gazing with dilated eyes at a small crowd hurrying, clamorous, up from the river-side.

Sark was perfectly cool. "There's no fear—these are not police. Some accident. Stand back, my girl, and let them pass," he said; and Loys, still trembling, obeyed. She was as brave as a lioness, this woman, when her own safety was in question, but she was cowardly for those she loved. She soon saw that her husband was right.

On they came, a large group rather than a mob, composed chiefly of rough water-side men and boys, with a sprinkling of women and shrill children hanging on the skirts of the crowd. In the centre were four men, two of whom belonged to the Thames police, bearing on their shoulders, on a stretcher, something—something covered up—something that was wet and slimy beneath the tarpaulin that screened it, and from which trickled down muddy little rills of river-water, making pools upon the gritty pavement. Fifty voices were to be heard all at once, shouting, speaking, or swelling an inarticulate sort of roar, as the stretcher was borne on.

"Here it is, policeman, here it is!" cried several of the better informed, pointing to Grupp's lamp and Grupp's brass-plate, and Grupp's door. The stretcher and its burden came to a halt there. They hardly know why they did so, Loys and her husband, but they pushed on, elbowing a way through the by-standers, to the front.

"What is it?"

That was a welcome question, to which answers could not be lacking.

"A bad job!"

"Found in the river!"

"Gentleman murdered!"

"Staying, it's supposed, at Grupp's."

"Grupp's card found in his pocket!"

"Drowned, I say!"

"Not a bit of it, stupid. Skull smashed in with a hammer, sir, most dreadful. Drowned, indeed!"

And the crowd took up the word "murdered," and rolled it over their tongues, and bandied it to and fro with much zest and infinite relish.

With all her faults, Loys was womanly, and she had none of that ghoul-like taste for the horrible, merely because it is horrible, which is so potent with the coarser of her sex. She tried, therefore, to draw back from the bearers and their fearful load, into the close neighborhood of which she had been thrust by the pressure of the fast increasing crowd, now swelled by reinforcements from the swarming Strand above. But to break through what was fast becoming a wall of human beings, was not an easy task; and she turned her face, involuntarily, round, and gave a suppressed shriek, unheeded in the midst of the general outcry and babble. She pressed her husband's arm: "Look, Jem, look!"

James Sark did look; and what James Sark saw was an ugly and gruesome sight to see. Grupp, and Grupp's wife, and the barmaid, chamber-maid, waiter, and all that ate Grupp's bread, and owed him allegiance, had come out to the door, vehemently to protest against the entry of that ghastly guest. How, Grupp demanded, was he to know whether the gent. ever had been a customer of his? Was he bound, he should like to be told, to take in all the corpses and drowned dead bodies of no one knew who, that the Thames police might fish up out of the river. Only tell Grupp that. For there were no negro slaves in this free country; and an Englishman's house was his castle; and he, Grupp, would not be ridden roughshod over by living or dead. All which sentiments Grupp's wife, daughter, and female retainers shrilly chorussed.

To convince incredulous Grupp, the tarpaulin was taken off, and the body revealed, a proceeding which elicited a rush and a deep drawing of breath from the mob, as if it had been the transformation scene of a pantomime. The yellow gaslight fell on the white, upturned, sightless face of the dead man. A grim spectacle was he, as the curious eyes of the bystanders saw him, by that wavering light. There was slime and mud on his wet garments, and in his matted black hair; and there were dark stains and clots of something that was more like a dull crimson cement than anything else. The head was bare, and it was evident that the whole crown of the skull had been smashed and battered in by the blows of some sharp and heavy instrument—the same, no doubt, that had gashed the forehead so fearfully, below the left temple.

Grupp looked, and grew a little more sallow than before, as if the sight gave him a qualm.

"You can bring it in," he said reluctantly, "he did lodge here. His luggage, such as it is, is upstairs yet. Bring him in as quiet as you can. There'll be noise enough and fuss enough at the inquest.

Loys leaned heavily on her husband's arm. "Take me home, James," she said: "this is dreadful. It's the doctor himself, poor wretch!"

"What doctor?" asked Jem. Surely not"——

"Mr. Marsh; it's he that's murdered," whispered Loys with white lips; and as the crowd slowly broke up, she and her husband went home.

Loys was not mistaken: the Shelton surgeon, and no other, was that silent guest that had just been brought back to Grupp's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Some Things are Done in Boston.

A Western man gives an interesting account of his experience at a Boston hotel under the anti-liquor law:—

Guest arrives at his favorite hotel, and applies at the bar in the basement—behind which stands, as usual, a suave attendant—for a glass of whiskey.

"Can sell you nothing to drink at this bar, sir."

"Do you mean to say I can't get nothing to drink?"

"Perhaps you had better apply at the lunch counter, opposite, sir."

The guest, rather annoyed, crosses the room, and repeats his request.

"We can only give you lunch, sir. Have a sandwich?"

The truth beginning to dawn upon the bewildered occidental, he assents, and orders a sandwich; obtains his whiskey, or whatever drink his fancy prefers, with that modest viand; enjoys his perpendicular drink, and probably leaves his sandwich untouched, to be sold to a dozen customers like himself, in succession; each, however, paying an extra five cents for the slice of meat, bread and butter, a tribute to the majesty of the law in Massachusetts.

☞ Philadelphia taxpayers may well be frightened at the tax bill for next year which is now looming up before them. Property this year is assessed at the supposed marketable value, which at a threatened rate of $1.50 on the hundred dollars will add about fifty per cent. to the present taxes.

Captured Indians Bought and Sold by Soldiers.

The War Department has just received a copy of circular No. 3, issued last month by General McDowell, commanding the Department of California, to post commanders in Arizona. General McDowell communicates to them the following paragraph from a letter addressed to him by Governor McCormick, of Arizona:

"I find that at Fort McDowell and at other posts they (Indian captives taken by the troops) have been turned over to civilians without any process of law. I learn of instances in which children have been sold by the troops; of others in which they have been exchanged for goods, and in cases where they were given to the Pimas and Maricopa Indians, those tribes have afterwards sold them to the whites. Moreover, I am informed that at McDowell it has been the custom to deliver the adult female Apache captives over to the Pimas and Maricopas for slaughter."

The General has directed commanders of districts and posts in Arizona to investigate these charges at once, and report to him all the particulars. In conclusion the General says:

"These charges, as well as by the heinousness of the offences specified as by the high source from which they come, are most damaging to the character of the service, and must be fully investigated and answered by every officer to whom this circular is sent."

A Second Evangeline.

On a steamer which recently passed up to Montana was a girl scarce eighteen, who goes to the distant land of gold to meet her affianced. Four years ago she met and loved a young student in a German university. Their trysting place might not have been at "Bingen on the Rhine," but 'twas at just as romantic a spot not many leagues distant. Her attachment was reciprocated, and troth was plighted. Three years since the "bridegroom came to America, and sought his fortune amid the placers of Montana, shortly securing a lucrative position as superintendent of a successful mining company. A few weeks ago a brief message darted across two continents, and three thousand miles of ocean in a day, and found this beautiful, unsophisticated girl surrounded by all the endearments of a home of wealth and refinement. It told her that near the far off shores of the Pacific some one awaited her coming. A few days later and she was rocking on the waves of the broad Atlantic, and later still she disembarked in a strange land, the language and customs of whose people were new to her. She is now slowly and happily ascending the Missouri, confidant that her "bridegroom" is expecting her, having travelled alone from the banks of the Baltic to meet him.—*Western paper.*

From the Pathfinder, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The ostensible, and, we should think, well-known mission of the Pathfinder, as its very name suggests, is to ferret out business houses or corporations of *reliability*, whose system of dealing incontrovertibly attests the determined purpose of acting fairly with their customers, employing a large bona fide cash capital, keeping none but the best and most serviceable goods, and resting content with merely a living profit. It is because we believe THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY has already given evidence of their wish to act up to the principles we have here laid down, and desire to conduct their rapidly augmenting trade upon none other, that we have deemed their position and standing as tea dealers worthy of special notice in these columns.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATE OF THE WORLD.—Statisticians have calculated that if the population of the world amounts to between 1,200,000,000 and 1,300,000,000 persons, the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, the deaths each day would be nearly 88,000, 3,600 per hour, 60 per minute, and thus every second would carry into eternity one human life from one part of the world or another. But reproduction asserts its superior power, for, on calculating the probable annual births on the globe, the result shows that whereas 60 persons die per minute, 70 children are born, and thus the increase of the population is kept up.—*London Lancet.*

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The Cabinet Organ bears the same relation to the melodeon, seraphine and accordeon, as does the modern grand piano-forte to the ancient spinnet and harpsichord; and the immense strides made by Mason and Hamlin in the invention of this instrument are within the knowledge and comparison of all of us. We may now emphatically add to the list of notions, in the manufacture of which America has excelled the world, the best reed organ, as the most eminent musicians have, with singular unanimity, pronounced the Cabinet Organ superior to any other, whether of home or foreign make.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ Two hundred years ago a Scotch emigrant carried to Canada a thistle. Intentionally or otherwise planted in his garden, its seeds took root in his neighbor's soil, and to-day it is the pest of the Provinces, depreciating the value of real estate from 30 to 50 per cent.

☞ Bill Ross is a great temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said: "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who own them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own all this property then?" "*We* will." "Right. Now tell me—did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging about the saloon doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?" "Yes, sir, lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?" "Us boys!" Billy was thunderstruck.

☞ CARRIAGE PAINTING.—A painter of considerable reputation says: "I very often admire, with humble wonder, the astonishing perfection with which carriages are painted. We painters of pictures could not paint carriages so well as men bred peculiarly to that trade. Very few of us could lay the color quite evenly enough, or if we did, it would only be by great effort; whereas a simple carriage-painter, who has never troubled himself about gradation and what we call texture, lays on his paint with a masterly perfection of method."

Underground Railroads.

Much has been written about the subterranean mode of travel in America, and now that there is an effort to introduce it into New York city, some description of its operation in London may not be uninteresting. The Metropolitan or Underground Railroad has cost $6,500,000, and consists of three and a half miles of tunnels, which run on a level with or below the gas-pipes and water-mains. The travelling is exceedingly agreeable; the carriages are at least as good as those that course through the upper air, are beautifully lighted with gas, and as the engines condense their steam, and use coke instead of coal, there is little escape of smoke or vapor. The fare for the round trip is about two shillings, or fifty cents of our currency.

☞ An experimental house, eleven stories high, is being built in Paris. It will have no staircase—the tenants are to ascend on a hydraulic elevator which goes up and down once a minute.

☞ Gov. Morton, of Indiana, speaks highly of the Arkansas Hot Springs, where he is sojourning for the benefit of his health. He goes so far as to say that the water, with the addition of a little salt, pepper, and butter, makes very good soup.

☞ While Samuel Gregory, a Delaware county (Pa.) farmer was mending fence the other day, his old sow was chewing $1,700 of his greenbacks, which were in the pocket of his vest hanging on a bush near by. The latter job was effectually and hopelessly done.

☞ A young man from St. Louis, who had recently fallen heir to an estate worth a quarter of a million of dollars, was drowned at Oconowoc, Wis., while attempting to save a boy who had gone beyond his depth.

☞ EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.—A cable report, two months ago, of the abolition of slavery in Brazil, turned out to be premature. The emancipation movement in that empire, however, has gone so far that it is now certain it will be effected peaceably and with little or no difficulty. The Emperor Don Pedro, in his recent speech to the Brazilian chambers, said: "The servile element of the empire cannot fail to merit opportunely your consideration, acting in a manner to care for the *high interests attached to emancipation*, by respecting actual property, and without giving a profound shock to our main sources of industry, agriculture."

☞ The changes occurring in a great city are shown by the fact, that in preparing the new Boston Directory, which contains 69,121 names, 17,335 contained in the Directory of 1856 had to be expunged, and 21,272 new ones added—a change altogether of 38,606 names, or more than half of the whole number.

☞ NEGRO MELODIES.—A gentleman relates that, while pursuing his studies in Germany, some years ago, he one day wrote off some of the negro melodies of the time to gratify the curiosity of a friend. To his great vexation, he afterwards learned that they had been shown to Liszt, the great pianist. The young American felt truly chagrined that those silly songs, as he deemed them, had been exhibited as a representative of what his countrymen could do in the way of musical composition. What was his surprise to find that Liszt commended the little songs most highly, declared them to be truly beautiful forms of melody, and wove them into some of his "Transcriptions for the Pianoforte."

☞ It is strange to see how wide-spread is the superstition (or perhaps the tradition?) which causes Friday to be considered an unlucky day. French railway statistics recently showed an enormous decline of receipts on Fridays. The Paris Omnibus Companies have just published their annual reports, which exhibit the average of this unhallowed day to be 24,163 below the average of all other days of the week. The latter average is 317,065, while the average of Friday is only 292,902 persons.

☞ It is difficult, if not impossible, for men to love and be wise: even the heathen gods, when they were in love, made fools of themselves.

☞ Even brilliant Edmund About, in the midst of Paris gayety and mirth, explains his withdrawal from politics by the plea of philoprogenitiveness. "Although," he writes, "true hearts never become indifferent to public affairs, we see things that touch us nearest, occupying the first place. It is not selfishness; it is optics. Put your hand before your eyes; you can perceive nothing in the chamber. Interpose a little head in a tiny cap between the world and you; you will witness a most beautiful phenomenon which astronomers have not yet studied—the total eclipse of the world."

☞ In Germany there is but one opinion on the question of progress shown by the different countries, since the last great international exhibition. The advance is in general not thought to be great. What France for example displays is good and even admirable, but the difference is found to be very small between that produced by her at the last exhibition and at the present one. But in two countries it is said an enormous progress is perceptible, in the United States of America and in England. Competent authorities—men, for example, who were sent by the German Government to Paris to study and report what they saw there, express this opinion; and as a leaning towards America or England is not a distinctive attribute of the Germans of to-day, the opinion expressed by them, favorable as it is for these two countries, may be implicitly relied on.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

Each number containing sixteen pages, including FOUR PAGES OF MUSIC, PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY. Terms:—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. *Specimens sent free.* JOHN S. DWIGHT, Editor.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of PENNSYLVANIA.—WINTER SESSION commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students taken for $30 per session. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, jy27-13t 892 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

CURLS, CURLS.—One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls, and last six months. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

LOVE! LOVE!—Instructions how to win undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Box 2742, St. Louis, Mo. jy20-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE
GREAT AMERICAN
Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,
22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for freshness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 30c., 40c., 70c., 90c., 100., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 30c., 40c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 60c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 30, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us now they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City. je22-tf

BOOK AGENTS WANTED,

To solicit orders in each town in the United States and Canada, for the most popular subscription book ever published, being

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,

by John Kitto, D.D., F. S. A.; edited by the Rev. Alvan Bond, D.D., of Norwich, Conn. Over 700 closely printed Royal Octavo pages; more than 100 full page engravings. Recommended by the leading clergy of all denominations of Christians. 53,000 copies already printed. Six large power-presses running on the work. Everybody wants it. Experienced Agents say they never knew a book sell so well. No competition. Experienced Agents, School Teachers, Sabbath-School Teachers, Retired Clergymen, and others, are wanted to introduce this Great Work into every household in the land. For Circulars, &c., apply immediately to the Publisher.
my4-3m HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake thorough-going School for boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy. For circulars, address OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Proprietor. jy20-3t

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 23 Water St., Boston. je15-6m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

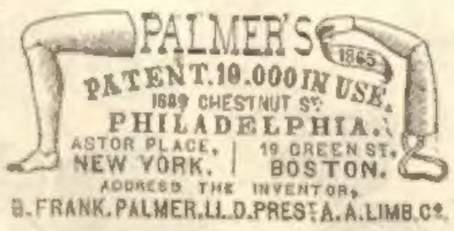
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 2220, Boston, Mass. dec17-tf

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. T. F. WOOD, jy20-6t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

LOOK HERE, BOYS.—A curious book of 368 pages, with curious pictures and 300 secrets performed by the wonderful showmen of all countries. Enough said. You can guess the rest. You must not show these to any person. Sent by mail, postage paid, for $1, or 3 *for* $2. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

$20.00 AGENTS WANTED.—$20 00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW PATENT, STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use, and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

PALMER'S


ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
S. FRANK. PALMER, M. D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excell ALL others as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $80 per month everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address
SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured jy6-4t

Old Eyes
MADE NEW, *easily, without doctor or medicines.* Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y. feb9-eow17t

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb9-6m Philadelphia

ARE YOU LAME, CRIPPLED OR DEFORMED—Or have you or your neighbor a boy or girl or child lame with contracted limbs, or curved spine, or crooked feet, or weak or paralyzed limbs or ankles, or who are entirely helpless, or who are obliged to creep or to walk with crutches, or whose limbs are shortened, or crooked or drawn up, or who walk on the toes, or whose ankles roll over or turn inward, or who have crooked knees from white swelling, or scrofula, or injury, or who limp from hip difficulty? To save such from a life of disappointment, will you not write a letter, giving the prominent points of the case, and receive in return, free of charge, a Circular which may be the means of saving them? If so, address Dr. J. P. MANN, No. 133 West Forty-first St., New York. jy20-6m

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, in all parts of the United States, to sell "ABBOTT'S LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS," one of the best books for Agents ever published in this country. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, ready for subscribers, and sells splendidly. Address B. B. RUSSELL & CO., jy13-3t Boston, Mass.

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Thick and heavy in every case or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package.
Address M. A. JAGGERS,
jy20-4t Calhoun, Ills.

WHISKERS!

A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. je1-3m

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORNELIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address
nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
AND
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

By A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical").

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

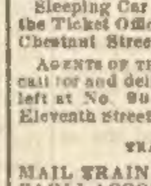
Mendenhall's Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Is proving the most useful, economical and profitable machine for family use.

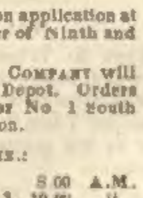
THE FIRST PREMIUM
was awarded to this Loom by the New York State fair, and by every State and county fair where exhibited for the best.

ALL WOOL GOODS,
best Jeans, Cashmet, Tweed, Linsey Linen and Cotton Duck woven on any Loom.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,
A. B. GATES & CO.,
jy13-10 333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No 1 South Eleventh street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	3.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
WESTERN ACCOM TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 30	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11 15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 127 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS CAPITAL REQUIRED. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO. my25-3m

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. je1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Another Drink.

Some years ago, when the total abstinence excitement was at its height, and the Maine Liquor Law was the great social question of the day, writes a correspondent, I called upon George Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, at the office of the Brothers Harper, then in Cliff Street. George was running his new book on Mexico through their press at the time, and having been acquainted with the brothers for many years previously, was of course on the most intimate terms with all of them.

James, the Mayor, was at the time a leading apostle in the temperance cause, and used occasionally to rally George upon what he thought to be evidence of an undue bibulous propensity. "Your face looks rather reddish this morning, George; I'm afraid you indulge." Which Kendall certainly did; but always in moderation—never to any thing like excess.

After sitting a few moments, George said to his younger brother, Fletcher—

"Fletcher, where's Jim? where's the Mayor? I want to see him."

"He's in the library-room," replied Fletcher, "entertaining a committee of old women from the Martha Washington Temperance Society. They hold a meeting at the Tabernacle to-morrow night and the Mayor is going to preside."

"Good!" said George; "I'll go right in and see him. "Come, Clark," added Kendall, "let us see how the city's Chief-Magistrate looks in council."

George rapped at the door.

"Come in," answered the Mayor.

Kendall opened the door slowly, as if in hesitation, glanced askance at the eight or ten old women, winked knowingly to the Mayor, and then said, with an inimitable mandlin Jimmy Twitcher air—

"Ji l-m, let us go and take another drink!"

It is not often that any one can fluster James Harper; but "you better believe" he was flustered on this occasion. He looked horror-stricken at the very idea, as he returned the astonished gaze of the ladies. "Another drink!" as if they had already had one together, early as it was in the morning!

Last summer, I saw George on his return from Paris. We reminisced upon this incident, and Kendall said—

"I have never heard anything from Jim from that day to this about my indulging."

"A Better Thing."

A few days since a friend of ours, (says the Placerville Courier,) who was returning from a tour of inspection in the hills near town, overtook a small boy who asked his protection, fearing that some of his school-mates were going to flog him. Being assured of protection, the little fellow became quite talkative, and rattled away about various things until they reached the post-office. Our friend entered and inquired for a letter, and as he stepped from the window, the little boy walked up and said, "Please, sir, is there any letters to-day for Miss ——?" The following conversation then ensued: "Who is Miss ——?" "Oh, she's my sister, I got a letter for her almost every day." "Who writes to her so often, my little fellow?" "Oh, her lovers—she's got lots of 'em." "How old is your sister?" "She's over nineteen or twenty." "Why, my little fellow, your sister is old enough to marry." "Oh, she's got a better thing than that. She's got lots of beaux, and she bought some new dresses, and one of them was yellow, and when one of her fellers came to go walking she put the yellow dress on to make him think she was jealous; and then sometimes when some of the others come, she puts on a red dress." "Why does she put on the red dress?" "Because, you see, that means love." "Is your sister handsome?" "I guess you'd think so if you'd see the lots of fellers that's after her." At this stage of the conversation our friend parted company with his communicative companion, and entering a saloon, drank to the miss who had a "better thing" than marrying, and success to her many suitors.

Not a Reverend.

When Mr. Tilton lectured here a couple of years ago, before the Young Men's Association, he was introduced to the audience as "*Reverend* Theodore Tilton." He "turned" the mistake over to the gentleman who introduced him as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the gentleman who has been announced for the lecture this evening is not here to-night. I think you will never have the pleasure of listening to him—he never gets so far West. On one occasion a good lady had Charles Lamb for a guest at dinner, with several other literary characters. His white neck-tie and serious countenance caused his hostess to imagine that he was a very devout man. So when the guests were seated at the table, she said—

"'Mr. Lamb, will you say grace?'

"Lamb trembled, and looked around at the guests.

"'Is there no c-c-c-clergyman present?' he asked.

"'None, I believe,' replied the lady.

"'L-l-l-let us thank God, then,' was the meek response, as Lamb bowed reverently over his plate."

The audience did not allow Mr. Tilton to proceed for several minutes.—*Dubuque Times.*

A COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS.—A country apothecary was observed by a friend to be in the habit of draining all medicine vials returned to him by patients into one large bottle which stood upon his counter. Wondering what could be his object in accumulating this strange mixture, the friend one day interrogated him on the point. "Surely," he said, "you can have no use for a mess like that." "My dear fellow," replied the apothecary, "that is the most scientific medicine I've got in my shop. Simple medicines are very well for simple complaints; but that's the stuff for a patient with a complication of disorders."

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—What is a rest? Going out of the choir for a rest during sermon time.

What is called singing with an "understanding?" Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

GARDENING FOR JUNE.

Croquet begins to crop up—Curates require training.

Didn't Want Curlew.

The Salt Lake Vidette says: A wayfarer dropped into the Occidental hotel in this place, on Tuesday, to get a square meal. Having planted himself in a chair at one of the tables, he was confronted by the waiter with: "What'll you have?" The hungry one fastened his eyes on the attache in soup and said, "What have you got that's good?" "O, we've roast beef, corn beef, roast mutton, boiled mutton, fried ham and boiled curlew!" "What is curlew?" said the stranger. "Curlew?—why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe." "Did it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have wings?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew; anything that had wings, and could fly, and didn't leave this cussed country, I don't want for dinner." We should judge from this incident that Salt Lake City was not an inviting place to tarry in.

☞ Once, when Charles Lamb was abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer; "of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Robin.

At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, a communication was read from Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, giving a detailed account of the feeding and growth of this bird during a period of thirty-two days, commencing with the 5th of June. The following is the substance of this report:—

When caught, the two were quite young, their tail feathers being less than an inch in length, and the weight of each about twenty-five pennyweights—less than half the weight of the full-grown birds: both were plump and vigorous, and had evidently been very recently turned out of the nest. He began feeding them with earth-worms, giving three to each bird that night. The second day, he gave them ten worms each, which they ate ravenously. Thinking this beyond what their parents could naturally supply them with, he limited them to this allowance. On the third day, he gave them eight worms each in the forenoon; but in the afternoon he found one becoming feeble, and it soon lost its strength, refused food, and died. On opening it, he found the proventriculus, gizzard, and intestines entirely empty, and included therefore that it died from want of sufficient food; the effect of hunger being increased, perhaps, by the cold, as the thermometer was about sixty degrees.

The other bird, still vigorous, he put in a warmer place, and increased its food, giving it the third day fifteen worms, on the fourth day twenty-four, on the fifth twenty-five, on the sixth thirty, and on the seventh thirty-one worms. They seemed insufficient, and the bird appeared to be losing plumpness and weight. He began to weigh both the bird and its food, and the results were given in a tabular form. On the fifteenth day, he tried a small quantity of raw meat, and, finding it readily eaten, increased it gradually, to the exclusion of worms. With it the bird ate a large quantity of earth and gravel, and drank freely after eating. By the table, it appears that though the food was increased to forty worms, weighing twenty pennyweights, on the eleventh day the weight of the bird rather fell off; and it was not until the fourteenth day, when he ate sixty-eight worms, or thirty-four pennyweights, that he began to increase. On this day, the weight of the bird was twenty-four pennyweights; he therefore ate forty-one per cent. more than his own weight in twelve hours, weighing after it twenty-nine pennyweights, or fifteen per cent. less than the food he had eaten in that time. The length of these worms, if laid end to end, would be about fourteen feet, or ten times the length of the intestines.

To meet the objection, that the earth-worm contains but a small quantity of nutritious matter, on the twenty-seventh day he was fed exclusively on clear beef, in quantity twenty-seven pennyweights. At night, the bird weighed fifty-two pennyweights, but little more than twice the amount of flesh consumed during the day, not taking into account the water and earth swallowed. This presents a wonderful contrast with the amount of food required by the cold blooded vetebrates, fishes, and reptiles, many of which can live for months without food, and also with that required by mammalia. Man, at this rate, would eat about seventy pounds of flesh a day, and drink five or six gallons of water.

The question immediately presents itself, How can this immense amount of food, required by the young birds, be supplied by the parents? Suppose a pair of old robins, with the usual number of four young ones. These would require, according to the consumption of this bird, two hundred and fifty worms, or their equivalent in insect or other food, daily. Suppose the parents to work ten hours, or six hundred minutes, to procure this supply; this would be a worm to every two and two-fifths minutes; or each parent must procure a worm or its equivalent in less than five minutes during ten hours, in addition to the food required for its own support.

After the thirty-second day, the bird had attained its full size, and was intrusted to the care of another person during his absence of eighteen days. At the end of that period, the bird was strong and healthy, with no increase of weight, though its feathers had grown longer and smoother. Its food had been weighed daily, and averaged fifteen pennyweights of weight, two or three earth-worms, and a small quantity of bread each day, the whole being equal to eighteen pennyweights of meat, or thirty-six pennyweights of earth-worms; and it continued up to the time of the presentation of the report. The bird having continued in confinement, with certainly much less exercise than in the wild state, to eat one-third of its weight in clear flesh daily, the Professor concludes that the food it consumed when young was not much more than must always be provided by the parents of wild birds. The food was never passed undigested; the excretions were made up of gravel and dirt, and a small quantity of semi-solid urine.

He thought that every admirer of trees may derive from these facts a lesson, showing the immense power of birds to destroy the insects by which our trees, especially our apple trees, elms, and lindens, are every few years stripped of their foliage, and often many of them killed.

Fevers and Fruit.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden," with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches, or juicy cherries. By October, fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up; work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for a cool season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale-fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits, and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, *but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills.* And bless your dear souls, *these things taste good!* You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fall of vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Items for Ploughmen.

1. While ploughing always carry a wrench along that will fit every nut in your plough. In order to do this take the leather from an old boot leg and tack it on the handle of your plough so as to make a pocket just large enough to admit the wrench.

2 When you put on a new point don't lay out your whole strength in screwing up the nut. It only wants to be snug. A hard point may be strained so as to break when it strikes the first stone.

3. A long evener makes a plough take more land than a short one.

4. A plough will not run true if the wheel is worn so it wabbles. To prevent this wabbling and still keep the old wheel a while longer, take leather of sufficient thickness and lay it inside the hub or around the axle.

J. W. BROWN, of Kensington, N. H., makes a calculation of the loss in ploughing an acre of land fourteen rods in length by turning the team at the ends. If the furrows are nine inches wide, it will require about four and two-thirds hours to turn the team at the ends. If the acre was fifty rods long, it would require only one and one-third hours to make the turns. He estimates the distance travelled in ploughing an acre at eleven and five-eighths miles.

Marketing Wool.

One of the leading farmers of Illinois, who appears occasionally in the *Prairie Farmer* as "Wool Grower," regards the present as one of the dark times for wool growers in that section. He says that all other branches of farming are paying better than this. He charges the wool commission houses of Chicago with operating against the interests of the grower and in favor of the manufacturer. Though written especially for farmers at the West, the following paragraphs may be read with interest by wool growers of other sections:

I say to wool growers, sell your own wool at your own barn if possible. Sell to a local dealer for three or four cents less than you think it worth, rather than get it stranded in a wool house. The best time to sell wool, nine times out of ten, is when the tide is up at shearing time. It scarcely ever lasts over a week or two, and if you let the opportunity slip you are compelled to skip, and then to commence that weary waiting which makes the heart sick. After the first tide ebbs it is usually from four to six months before you can get even a nibble for wool, and then when you do effect a sale, by the time you deduct freight and commission, and insurance, and storage, and drayage, and sale tax, and re-sackage, and stealage, and one-third off, and half off, and in some cases, *all* off, you will find that you might have sold at home from six to fifteen cents per pound more money.

The one great drawback to wool-growing in the United States is not dogs nor scab nor foot-rot, but the manner of marketing. There is no other staple agricultural product grown in our country, the purchasers of which are so few in number, and hence, able to make such soul-eating combinations to effect prices, as wool. The manufacturers and their organs never let up during the entire circle of the year, from "bearing" the wool market. The buyers of grain are not always "bears," but there is always an equally smart lot of "bulls," which helps to keep grain somewhere near an equilibrium; but the purchasers of wool are always, and everywhere "bears."

RECEIPTS.

APPLE VINEGAR.—Whenever apples are used in the family, boil the skins and cores in as little water as will cover them; sweeten slightly with the rinsings of sweetmeats, and put it in a cask or jug; when making cider apple sauce, a half-barrel can be made with but little trouble. If apples are decaying, boil them up, strain the liquor, and make vinegar. It will take but little molasses to sweeten it.

PATE.—For a pate or game pie made with pigeons, or, which is excellent, with prairie hens, first clean thoroughly, and placing in the bakepan, put a piece of salt pork on the breast, and a little broth in the pan. Put in the oven and let it remain there an hour or an hour and a half. For the paste, take four ounces of flour, two of butter, a pinch of salt, and almost half a gill of cold water, mixed to a paste. Roll out the paste, and line the sides and bottom of the mould with it. The bird is carved as if for the table, placing the pieces in the pan with a modicum of broth and a bay leaf, and leaving a hole in the centre for the steam to escape and pass off. Cover the top with the yolk of an egg to color. It may be eaten hot or cold—cold for breakfast, lunch or supper, and can be made with butcher's meat. But veal is the best. Truffles may also be baked in a pate, using two ounces to a pound of meat—meat without any bones.

MACKOOINE.—Cut small pieces of carrot and turnip in water, with salt, &c., and boil gently till tender. Strain off the water through a colander. Put half a tablespoon of butter and flour in a pan on the fire; add half a gill of broth; turn in the carrot and turnip, and simmer a little.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Set them on the fire with a little salt, and reduce one half. Let it cool, and put it in claret bottles. Cork, and tie down the corks. Set the bottles on the fire in cold water, and boil four hours. Take them off and let them cool in the water. Afterward keep the bottles in a dark place.

BAKED PEARS.—The common early pears are very good put into a jar without paring, and with a teacup of molasses to every two quarts of pears. No water is necessary. Bake them five or six hours. If you wish them more delicate, pare them, and put a teacup of sugar instead of molasses. The later and larger fall pears are very fine baked upon a tin; but most kinds of heavy winter pears cannot be baked so as to be tender.

ORANGE LEMONADE.—Take three China oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze on the juice, and pour on two pints of boiling water; mix the whole and strain.

SUPERIOR LEMONADE A LA SOYER.—Take the peel of six lemons, free from pith, cut it up in small pieces, and put it with two cloves into a bottle containing half a pint of hot water, place the bottle in a stewpan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon juice, half a pint of syrup, if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like proportion, adding a few drops of orange-flower water; add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become cold, stir well together, and add two quarts of cold water.

BARLEY LEMONADE.—Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a small stewpan, with half a pint of water, which boil about ten minutes, or until forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, when add two quarts of barley-water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the centre to let the heat through; when cold it is ready for use; if put cold into a bottle, and well corked down, it will keep good several days.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, beaten to a froth, one or two lemons, four eggs, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—Two cups of buttermilk or sour milk, one cup of sugar, one piece of butter the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to your taste, with as much flour as will make a thin batter, and bake.

☞ A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 13, 5, 15, 4, 18, 10, 7, 14, 26, 7, 22, 26, 23, 25, is a well known author.
My 1, 2, 33, 16, 31, 13, 29, is a boy's name.
My 6, 3, 21, 29, 23, is a celebrated opera.
My 9, 11, 35, 19, 12, is a girl's name.
My 24, 36, 8, is a tropical fruit.
My 25, 13, 17, 35, 34, is one of the largest cities in the world.
My 29, 3, 23, 30, 18, 33, 26, 27, 6, 28, 12, 25, 20, 18, 23, should be read by all.
My whole is the residence of a regular reader of the Post. G. R. T.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 5, 2, 17, 8, 23, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 12, 11, 14, 33, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 22, 15, 6, 16, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 35, 51, 46, is a county in Ohio.
My 48, 43 38, 44, 41, 29, is a county in Ohio.
My 21, 4, 27, 35, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 19, 10, 28, 41, 51, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 48, 40, 5, 31, 30, 41, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 8, 1, 27, 36, 42, 32, 5, 31, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 7, 39, 24, 5, 50, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 9, 20, 3, 2, 43, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 40, 34, 5, 25, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 31, 35, 37, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 15, 6, 49, 16, 35, 47, is a county in Iowa.
My 45, 4, 24, 35, 30, 51, is a county in Indiana.
My whole is an expression of Henry Clay's.
Nicholasville, Ky. M. B. F.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first bows low amid the towering hills,
And snugly nestles there;
The lakes, the rivers and the gentle rills
It claims, and cities fair.

My next a nickname is, born of a name
Christened to many a king.
My third, when young Columbia won her fame,
Did a mean and servile thing.

My fourth and last comprises all the rest;
It grasps my whole, in fact;
Which is the closing scene, the final test,
Of all the guesser's tact.
Steelee, Ind. JNO. C. OCHILTREE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To seize.
An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
An appendage.
Lofty.
An affirmation.
A piece of timber.
A boy's nickname.
An island in Polynesia.
A sudden check.
A light spear.

The initials and finals form the names of two celebrated battle fields of the rebellion.
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles. A can travel one mile an hour, B two miles, but C, who travels in a buggy, can go eight miles an hour. As they all desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that in going back and taking up B, they all reach their journey's end together.

Required the distance each will travel *alone* and the whole time consumed in performing the journey. W. H. MORROW.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a baby and a great-coat? Ans.—One you wore, and the other you wear.

☞ What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? Ans.—A courtship.

☞ When is an infant like a cannibal? Ans.—When it eats its "pap."

☞ When is the miner the happiest? Ans.—When his "Triumphs are ore."

☞ Why is perspiration like the Atlantic Ocean? Ans.—Because it's wet (sweat.)

☞ Why would people older than yourself make good feeding for cattle? Ans.—Because they are past your age.

A GOOD story is told of a certain Colonel in the late war. The Colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage-coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat outside the coach. Putting his head out of the coach window he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice: "Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spake—"Charioteer, pause, I have lost my chapeau!" No attention being paid by the driver to this command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveller's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window and said: "Driver, hold on. This blamed fool has lost his hat!" This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, and the hat was secured.

☞ Some time since a gentleman died in the town of Σ——, who during life refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now do believe. Please send me my thin clothes."

☞ "There's only two ways of getting along with restaurant servants," says Bluster, "either scold 'em well or fee 'em well. One takes nerve, the other takes money. I've got more nerve than money, so I scold 'em."

☞ When somebody asked the Bishop of Oxford whether he didn't think the last Derby a "sell," (the horse Hermit won it) his lordship answered that "he never heard of a hermit where there wasn't a cell."